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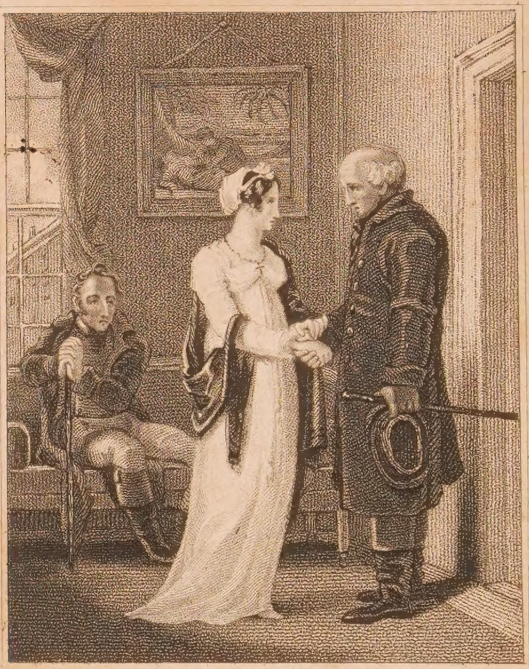

Emilia in the presence of Sir Edward thanking the old servant for his kindness in offering her his purse.

I. Irvins, del. *H. Meyer, Sculp.*

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pp

RICHES AND POVERTY:

A TALE.

METROPOLITAN POLICE

BY MISS BARRELL.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

LONDON:

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1808.

RICHES AND POVERTY:

A TALE.

LETTER I

AMELIA TO CATHERINE.

Glamorganshire.

I ADDRESS you, dear Catherine, from the cottage of Sir Edward Wybrow, where I am to remain till the pleasure of my uncle, who (as you have heard) designs me for the heiress of his fortune, shall be made known.—We live here very retired; for Sir Edward is of a melancholy character, and averse to society—his disposition is haughty and repelling—indeed, were it not for Mrs. Lochardan, his housekeeper, who is one of the most pleasant

women living, and did not the amiable Mrs. Melville (a widow who with her two children often visits the cottage) soothe my hours by her agreeable company, notwithstanding the charming scenery around us, this place would be gloomy in the extreme. Mrs. Melville resides at no great distance from us: she was brought up in affluence, but has since known many reverses, and is now, I believe, wholly indebted to Sir Edward for support.

How delightful, how still and serene does the country appear, when first we enter it from the crowded streets and the busy whirl of London! we think it can acquire no additional attraction, but will constantly yield the same pleasure; yet how does the scene lose as the charm of novelty ceases! the landscape no longer strikes, and to keep alive the sweet sensations that were at first excited, we find congenial society still wanting. Sir Edward passes the chief of his time

either in the study or in walking out alone, and when at meal time he appears among us, his manners display little but of hauteur and conscious superiority: his entrance always impresses me with constraint, and I am generally silent in his presence—It is well Mrs. Lochardan presides at the table, or we should be most unpleasantly situated; yet, little as I am myself pleased with him, he is held in much esteem; nay, almost idolized by the dependents around us, many of whom are prejudiced enough to say that Sir Edward has no pride. Mrs. Melville also is his admirer, independent, she says, of those sentiments which his kindness towards her excites. She calls him the noble Sir Edward, and excuses his manifestly unpleasant qualities on account of a disappointment which, it seems, happened to him early in life—a disappointment in love! Strange to me that Sir Edward should ever have condescended to love,

but not so strange that he should have been disappointed in it.

LETTER II.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Glamorganshire.

I HAVE heard from my uncle in India since I wrote to you—he purposes embarking for England in a few months, and says I am to reside with him as his daughter when he arrives—tears of gratitude rushed into my eyes as I perused his affectionate letter. Sir Edward and Mrs. Lochardan were present—my heart was so animated that it even warmed towards the repelling Sir Edward, and when I had finished reading I held the letter towards him. "Will you take the trouble to look at it, Sir?" said I.

He deigned to read it, and as he returned it, said, with a smile, "A few

months in this affair, Miss Herman, will, I suppose, appear to you as so many ages."

"That it will," said Mrs. Lochardan, "for she is heartily tired of Wales."

Sir Edward's countenance exhibited something like displeasure.

"How can you say so, Mrs. Lochardan?" returned I; "you know I am quite happy here."

"I would wish you to be so," said he kindly: "and if there is any thing wanting which it is in my power to supply, I request that either yourself or Mrs. Lochardan will let me know, and your desires shall be complied with."

Sir Edward had scarcely ever condescended to address me before; and as my uncle's letter had in a degree harmonized my mind, I was ready to be pleased even with him: but in the evening he again recalled my dislike, by evincing the contempt in which he held my understanding. We had some company at the

Cottage, and I was repeatedly called on to sing ; I at length complied, and he appeared to listen with a degree of satisfaction, but on my finishing a little Italian sonnet exceedingly pathetic, " Wonderful !" observed he to one of the company, " that by one unconscious of the sentiment, so much force of expression should be given." I suppose he conceived me equally unconscious of his compliment.

You inquire by what means I fell under the guardianship of Sir Edward—he was a particular friend of my beloved father, who dying much embarrassed in his affairs, left me to his charge till my uncle should arrive in England. I remained, however, a few months with Mrs. Melborough at her request, at the expiration of which she set off for Holland, and Sir Edward came himself to London to conduct me hither.

LETTER III.

CATHERINE TO AMELIA.

Devonshire Place.

HAVING a few minutes leisure, dear Miss Herman, I devote them to you, although little has occurred since my last whereon to write, except that we have an addition to our family in my cousin Julia Wyart, who, you may remember, used to visit at our house. Alas, poor girl, she then conceived herself born only to command admiration, but her high expectations have since failed, and she is now as depressed as she was then elevated. My uncle lived in too great splendour for his circumstances to support, and the great extravagance of this only daughter at length completed his ruin. He died some months ago, leaving Julia wholly destitute but for my father, who assures her she shall be supported by him, and

treated in all respects like his own children: indeed we all sympathise much in her misfortunes, nor is there any thing in our power we would not do to alleviate her distresses; but her unamiable qualities, I am concerned to say, stand much in her light—overflowing with envy and ill-will; sullenness, jealousy, and ingratitude are alone conspicuous in her conduct. Accustomed to see herself distinguished in every company, ill can Julia brook the neglect she now encounters; for, possessed of no real merit in herself, it was owing to the reputation of her fortune that ever she attracted a marked attention:—how deeply must she now regret her past vanity, which has led her to reject offers the most advantageous! for, too haughty and aspiring, she would, I conceive, have given her consent to no alliance beneath nobility.

We all congratulate you, my dear Amelia, on your uncle's projected return to England. No doubt he will figure in

the first style, and you, I am sure, will shine a comet. In the mean time how do you contrive to exist in your present solitude?

We request you, Amelia, to make us better acquainted with Sir Edward —you must describe his person, the qualities of his mind, &c.; for surely he must have some peculiar attractions to gain him so much partiality from those among whom he resides. You will not wonder at my curiosity, when I tell you, the anxiety and uneasiness of my brother on first hearing you were gone to Wales with a guardian, of whom some reported highly, representing him at once of unexceptionable character, and master of qualities far more prepossessing than by your account he has any title to lay claim to. The idea of an insinuating rival among woods and valleys presented itself to the mind of Albert, and he was on the point of following you, when your account of Sir Edward's unsocial dispo-

sition arrived to his inexpressible relief, and, I may say, to the relief of us all.

LETTER IV.

AMELIA TO CATHERINE.

Glamorganshire.

I SINCERELY sympathise with you in the unpleasant addition which you have to your family in your cousin Julia, between whom and yourselves so little of harmony has ever subsisted. I should have thought that, under her present unhappy reverse of fortune, some of those rich relations, who did their parts in injuring her mind by flatteries, would have received her; but adversity frequently destroys such friendships. In the family of Mr. Anselm she will meet, I am sure, with that tenderness and consideration her misfortunes demand—little merit can we claim from shewing favour to those whose amiable

qualities in a manner command it from us; in the opposite case alone it is meritorious.

You desire to be made acquainted with the personal attractions of my guardian. Sir Edward then is tall and rather slender, his complexion dark, and his eye-brows black but not bushy. I should suppose that his age might be something above forty; his features are regularly handsome, though his aspect is haughty and forbidding, and scarcely have I ever beheld a smile on his countenance; yet he improves considerably on acquaintance. Instead of retiring to his study as usual, he spent the forenoon of this day with Mrs. Lochardan and myself; he amused us with his flute, in playing upon which he is a proficient, and conversed with us in the most affable manner. Essaying to be free and sociable in my turn, once only did I hazard giving an opinion; but perhaps my venturing any thing beyond a simple negative or an affirmative was too

great a novelty to escape his particular notice; for he listened with so much attention that, completely embarrassed, I hesitated, faultered, and failed in making a connected conclusion of my intended observation. I felt my face glow with vexation, and heartily wished myself out of the room. I am interrupted—the evening is beautiful, and Mrs. Lochardan calls me to walk.

IN CONTINUATION.

Things which in no degree strike a stranger with surprise may nevertheless be sometimes very extraordinary. An instance of this nature has, it seems, occurred this evening at the cottage, and Sir Edward's conduct (than which nothing could appear more natural to me) has excited much wonder. When I came down stairs, on being called by Mrs. Lochardan, he informed me that Mrs. Melville had come to walk with me. "The even-

ing," continued he, "is delightful—if you will give me leave, I too will accompany you."

Mrs. Melville appeared much surprised at Sir Edward's intention, and the good Mrs. Lochardan sat smiling, and seemed hardly able to contain her pleasure. "I am sure the ladies will be proud of so unlooked for an honour," observed she.

We had a delightful walk, during which Sir Edward made many efforts to draw me into conversation; they were however ineffectual, for, as usual, I could not overcome the constraint his presence occasioned. Soon as we returned home he quitted us, glad no doubt that his task of politeness was completed.

"What next are we to expect?" cried Mrs. Lochardan, as we entered, lifting up her hands in surprise. "Many ladies, young and old, have we had at the cottage since I knew it, but never did Sir Edward walk abroad with any of them till this evening."

" Sir Edward wants but good spirits to make him as agreeable as he is amiable," observed Mrs. Melville, and a long discourse in praise of my guardian took place—it is Mrs. Lochardan's favourite theme, and she expatiates on it with tedious eloquence.

You see, dear Catherine, what trifles employ my pen for want of better subjects—so little occurs in a country retirement capable of furnishing a letter that may entertain. Remember me kindly to your sister Judith, and believe me affectionately yours.

P. S. I cannot close my letter without acknowledging the implied compliment which concludes that I am answering. Your brother has not, I find, forgotten his old method of pretending jealousy on every occasion, however improbable or little calculated to excite it; and none surely can be more so than the present. Give my respects to him, and tell him that

when he is more serious, he will be more reserved.

LETTER V.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Glamorganshire.

YOU will excuse my late silence, dear Catherine, when you hear that I have been very ill. I have had a sore throat, attended with high fever, which was for some days thought dangerous. You cannot conceive with what attention and kindness I have been treated. Mrs. Lochardan is like a mother to me, and Sir Edward—how has he altered!—so careful—so assiduous—I have a thousand obligations to him. His kind attentions brought forcibly to my recollection those of my beloved parents—the remembrance brought tears to my eyes, while I lamented the loss of them anew. I must

tell you one instance of Sir Edward's good nature:—the doctor ordered me a nauseous medicine, to which feeling an unconquerable aversion, I resisted all Mrs. Lochardan's eloquence, and at length positively refused to take it. The good woman has the highest veneration for the faculty—she was quite angry, and putting down the cup, "I will go for Sir Edward," said she, "and see if he can persuade you." She did so, and soon after returned with him. He sat down by me and offered the medicine—"Do be prevailed on to take it, if you can," said he in the tenderest manner. My heart revolted at it, and, overcome with languor and aversion, I burst into tears.

Sir Edward immediately emptied the cup into the fire. "You shall not be persecuted," said he, "nor shall you take any thing you do not like."

Mrs. Lochardan expressed much anger; but, occasioned as was her displeasure by her kind concern on my account, it could

not but endear her to me the more. "A pretty account to give the Doctor," said she; "who, I wonder, can expect to recover, when medicines are thus disposed of?"

I am now pretty well again, but am still treated like an invalid. I should certainly be spoiled were I to live long here.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have just received the kind letter containing your friendly invitation to me. Sir Edward was perusing your Mamma's to him, while I read yours to myself. When he had finished reading the letter, he folded it up and walked to the window. I waited his speaking with impatience.

"By your looks, Miss Herman," cried Mrs. Lochardan, "you have heard something pleasant."

"I have an invitation to spend a few months in London with Mrs. Anselm," said I.

" Alack, alack, then we are likely to lose you already."

" If Sir Edward has no objection to my going."

Sir Edward turned round—" You wish then to go," said he.

" I should like it much, if you approve," I replied.

" If I approve," repeated he, and looked at me so sternly, that I thought he was going to refuse; however he kindly added, " I would not for the world, Miss Herman, prevent your enjoyment of any pleasure—in a few days you will most probably be quite recovered, and then you can go."

I hope I did not too plainly shew the satisfaction I felt in accepting so agreeable an invitation; for Sir Edward's manner has appeared strange ever since, and almost as if he was offended. I would not on any account that he should think me ungrateful, after all the kindness I have received at his hands.

LETTER VI.

JULIA TO MRS. CLIFTON.

Devonshire Place.

"WHY so long a silence? Have those few reflections which I hazarded but through the sincerity of friendship offended Miss Wyart?" says my dear preceptress—No, Mrs. Clifton, my heart acknowledges the justice of your remarks, and most highly esteems the friendship which dictated them; but alas! you know not what a change has taken place—what a cruel reverse of fortune I have experienced—the proud, the unfeeling Julia, who never having known distress, therefore could not pity it, is now overtaken by adversity, and still more to embitter the cup, meets with that insensibility to her sorrows, which she herself so lately shewed to the griefs of others. Experience, it is thou only that can instruct us—Adversity, thou alone can make us feel! Alas!

when my father's affairs came to be inspected, there were not found means sufficient to discharge his debts—the aspect of the world instantly changed towards me—my admirers congratulated themselves in having escaped me, and I was forsaken—the voice of flattering friendship now assumed the accent of distant civility; concealed enmity dared to confess itself; and the haughty Julia's fallen fortune opened a field for fashionable scandal to expatiate upon—how often have I been myself most unfeelingly eloquent on subjects similar to the one I now furnished; therefore in condemning they have but done me justice. Bereft of every other means of support, to the kindness of my uncle am I now indebted for a home—thus have I fallen from a reputed heiress to an unhappy dependant—blame me not, nor charge me with ingratitude because I say unhappy—were the family of my uncle like himself, the chain of dependence would be to me a golden fetter—yet in

any event ought I to murmur? Alas, no. Oh! Mrs. Clifton, in you have I ever confided, and to you alone would I impart the unkindness which I am now compelled to bear. You know the characters of Mrs. Anselm and my cousins. My own pride was lately on a par with theirs, now I sometimes imagine theirs has no equal; and Oh! how ingenious are they in the art of tormenting! where there is foundation for charges and colour for reproaches, justice in a degree authorizes them, and malice is therefore triumphant—yet how effectually do their ungenerous upbraidings cancel in the heart they wound all sense of obligation!—Ah! Mrs. Clifton, how gladly would I now leap the boundaries of ignoble pride, to earn my own subsistence, rather than thus live a burden on them, condemned to hear their cruel taunts without the liberty of replying. Who would not prefer industry and freedom to a state of idle and humiliating dependance?

Remorse too and unavailing regrets feed on the peace of your hapless Julia; for once, when flattered by fortune, a crowd of interested adulators solicited my favour, the amiable Halville (as you know) advanced his pretensions, but soon struck with the vanity and affectation of my deportment, he as readily withdrew them. For a moment I was sensible of gloom, and execrated in my heart those trifling follies which I knew had lost me his affection; but again pleasure spread her deceitful blandishments—new suitors presented themselves, and all was dissipated. Now, amid the melancholy of my present situation, and all the discouraging ideas it presents, I picture what I might have been, and remorse succeeds: but hence, unavailing regrets—would that I could banish your cruel obtrusions for ever!

LETTER VII.

AMELIA TO MRS MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

AMID the sweet sounds of Catherine's piano-forte, and the buz of voices in the drawing room, do I steal an hour, quiet, retired and calm as the scenery around her, to write to Mrs. Melville. I am convinced that Sir Edward is displeased with me (nor can this conviction but give me concern) there was so strange a mixture of kindness and coldness in his conduct when we parted.

You know, I dare say, by this time, that he not only insisted on Thomas attending me to London, but has ordered him to remain with me all the while I am here—this was very kind of him, though really unnecessary. Mrs. Anselm was surprised when I told her of it; nor

does she chuse him to be in her house—he has therefore a lodging near, but passes the chief of his time among her servants—you may, if you please, let Sir Edward know this, and he will perhaps recall him—It concerns me much that he should deprive himself so needlessly of one whose services, I imagined, were indispensible to him—I think you told me that Thomas had been in the family even before the birth of Sir Edward.

The evening previous to my leaving the cottage, Sir Edward had spoken to me with much kindness, yet on the following morning, when I was about to depart, he did not appear. I believe he designed to take no leave of me. Mrs. Lochardan would have informed him that I was going, but I prevented her, and went myself to the door of his study—on my tapping at it, he desired me to come in. I entered the room, and approaching towards him, bade him farewell.

"Farewell, Miss Herman," returned he,

in the coldest manner, " I wish you much happiness."

I felt too grateful for all his kindness to permit my parting thus coldly, and advancing nearer held my hand over the writing desk—" Farewell, Sir Edward," said I, " I shall not forget the kindness I have received here."

He gave me his hand, and again wished me happy, but how different his manner from that friendly affability, by which his conduct towards me has lately been distinguished. I could not but be struck with the change, nor can I imagine the reason of it, unless he is offended at my having accepted the invitation of Mrs. Anselm.

I will now endeavour to give you some account of the family with whom I am residing. Mr. and Mrs. Anselm appear to be equally amiable, although different in their dispositions. In the love of company and pleasure the latter still seems as young as her daughters, while he is

a grave turn, yet indulgent to the wishes of his family: he countenances all their pleasures, even when he does not himself partake of them. Albert, their eldest son, is possessed of a person uncommonly attractive, and deriving additional graces from an address at once commanding and insinuating—in his disposition is united a happy mixture of sense and vivacity—he engages much attention, and seems to be a favourite with all who know him. Catharine, as I have informed you, is an assemblage of charms both personal and mental—she is not, however, favoured by Mrs. Anselm equally with her sister, who indeed possesses many accomplishments, and perhaps a more elegant though a far less interesting figure. But Judith is spoiled by flattery—she aspires to universal admiration, yet takes no pains to render herself worthy of it. The partiality of her mother, however, mistakes her hauteur for dignity, and her affectation for grace. There also resides here an orphan

niece of Mr. Anselm's; she was daughter to his only sister, and not long since had the additional calamity of losing with her father the expectations of a large fortune, in consequence of which she is now wholly dependent on her uncle, who treats her with the utmost kindness and affection. It seems that the manners of this young lady were in prosperity haughty and overbearing—now melancholy and reserve appear most conspicuous in her deportment. She is little solicitous to make herself friends, and never mixes in the diversions going forward. This is the circle of which the family at present consists, as Edward the youngest son is at an academy a few miles from town.

The short time I have spent here has passed in a continual round of amusements, nor have I had a moment's leisure even to write to you, yet in compliance with your request that I would not neglect this, I shall from time to time inform you of any thing that may occur; but trifles

alone falling under my consideration, with these you must be contented.

LETTER VIII.

MRS. LOCHARDAN TO AMELIA.

Glamorganshire.

My dear Miss Herman,

I AM glad to hear that you are so happy in London; a persuasion that your comfort is promoted by your leaving the cottage can alone reconcile us to your absence.

Mrs. Melville tells me that you entertain a notion of Sir Edward's being offended with you: nothing, I assure you, can be more erroneous than such a supposition—he was only sorry, my dear child, to part with you, as indeed we all were—how could he have been angry at a thing so natural as your preferring the gaiety of London to the retirement of Wales, or the

society of your old school companions to the grave conversation here? Yet be not too much captivated with the flatteries which, I doubt not, you receive. Once, my good child, was your poor Mrs. Lochardan considered an heiress, and, like yourself, met with nothing but flattering professions; but when my poor father failed in the speculative concerns in which he had engaged, with what a different eye was I regarded! Yet I would not discourage you—my wish being only that you should seek to discriminate between sincerity and falsehood.

Sir Edward shewed me your pretty letter to him—I thank you for your kind expressions in my favour. I would not damp your good spirits, or I could say that we are dull enough here. We have had some cold piercing winds, which have increased my rheumatism, and Sir Edward has had a fit of extremely low spirits. Farewell, my dear Miss Herman,

and that you may be happy is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend,

MARY LOCHARDAN.

LETTER IX.

JULIA TO MRS. CLIFTON.

Devonshire Place.

I THANK you, my dear, my maternal Friend, for your kind and sympathetic letter. Tears of gratitude rushed to my eyes when reading that paragraph, where you so kindly say, that it would give you pleasure could I again reside with you. O! Mrs. Clifton, how sincerely do I wish it too. Hear then the unsuccessful step I have taken to accomplish my desire. A few evenings since I wrote thus to my uncle:—

"Honoured Sir,

"You have ever treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and with the warmest sensibility; believe me, my heart

acknowledges your kindness. Accuse me not, then, of ingratitude, when I own that I cannot be happy in my present state. The vain amusements which engaged my attention being now no more, occasions a melancholy and vacuity of mind, which, I am convinced, some laudable and useful occupation would agreeably supply. Suffer me then to go to Mrs. Clifton, my amiable preceptress, there in her seminary to learn how best to employ those few talents I may possess. That you will not be offended at what I have said, and that you may comply with my request, is the earnest desire of, dear uncle,

Your obliged and grateful

JULIA WYART.

Alas, well meant as was this letter, it has nevertheless been productive of much mischief; and so many unkind insinuations were levelled against me by Mrs. Anselm and my cousins, that had not my uncle generously undertaken my

defence, I surely must have flown from the house, and sought refuge beneath the roof of my dear Mrs. Clifton.

"I had hoped," said he, "that Julia and my daughters would have proved rather an improvement than an interruption to the happiness of each other: "why," continued he, addressing them, "have you so little consideration for the impatience of a mind fretted under the disappointments of fortune? Indeed, a severity I have noticed in the deportment of you both towards your cousin, appears to me the chief cause of that sullenness in her, of which you complain so much:" then turning towards me, "Julia," said he, "forbear to urge any further your strange proposal; deep indeed must be the necessity, which could induce me to cast you from my own immediate protection on a dangerous world." I answered to this affectionate address, only by my tears—Mrs. Anselm and my cousins also remained silent.

You ask if Catherine is not less unamiable than her sister? alas, I wish it were so—she is less affected and more insinuating in her manners than Judith, but, I am sure, possesses as little of sense or feeling. Ah! how hopeless is now my situation, to which I indeed find it impossible to reconcile my mind; how painfully circumspect should be the conduct of those, who are not favoured with the partiality of friendship to cast a veil over natural imperfections, but whose enemies are constantly on the watch to justify to themselves, and each other, their illiberal and causeless hatred.

Never but to you, have I indulged in complaint on my present unhappy situation, and, perhaps, even here I am blameable. Yet to look for sympathy is so natural, so essential too, to the attainment of some relief.

"Give sorrow words—the grief, which doth not speak,
"Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

LETTER X.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

YESTERDAY Mrs. Anselm, Judith, and myself, went to the academy of Mr. La More, at Richmond, to visit Edward. We found a good deal of company assembled at the house. La More told us he hoped we should be amused, "for," said he, "we are just about judging the merits of two rising geniuses, and a silver medal is to reward the successful candidate. All will be conducted with impartiality, and for once we shall see merit acknowledged."

"Any thing calculated to awaken an emulation to excel is both pleasing and useful," returned Mrs. Anselm. "And who, pray, are the young gentlemen?"

"Master Moris and Master Woodly," answered La More.

Mrs. Anselm is acquainted with Mrs. Moris, who was present — "Master Moris!" repeated she, "dear boy! I am impatient to see his production."

As La More turned from us to address the company, Edward, who stood at his mother's side, informed her that Harry Woodly was a poor boy, whom La More instructed for nothing. The door now opened, and the two young candidates for fame entered, accompanied by an usher—Assurance and conceit sat on the countenance of Master Moris, while the air of young Woodly was modest and retiring.

"The performances in question," said La More, "will be as novel to myself as to you; for I am wholly ignorant even of the subjects of them. To have this to premise must surely reflect honour on both; as, to hazard to the opinion of a company, discerning as the present, what we have not previously overlooked, discovers a persuasion in us

of the ingenuity of their compositions. I must only observe, that Master Moris here presents us with his first essay, whilst Woodly has frequently before invoked the muses."

Great impatience was now expressed by the friends of the former, to hear his production, and the Tutor thus read :—

VERSES ON THE SETTING SUN.

"See! glowing beams the spangled sky
In burning regions round;
See! where seraphic colours fly,
And glorious lights abound.

"Hesperian skies, all ting'd with gold,
In radiant banners play,
And all their silver hues unfold
To emulate the day.

"In chariot red with gems array'd,
Dissolv'd to liquid beams,
While clouds invade his lights to shade
In pale reverting gleams.

" Repelling lights, that chase the morn,
That gild the star of day,
That leave the northern lights forlorn,
And brighter hues display.

" Melpomene and Thalia haste,
The dusky meads along,
With laurel be your brows embrac'd,
'Tis Phœbus claims our song.

" His lights are like the burnish'd gold,
His hues in colours fly,
While stars controll'd, that shadows hold,
And brighter beams supply."

The exclamations of, " Excellent! Sublime! Where could a lad of fifteen get such ideas?" with similar expressions of admiration, were uttered by the hearers. The piece of Harry Woodly was then read, which ran thus:—

YAHTAH:

A BALLAD.

" In Zaland Castle dwelt Yahtah,
His early fame was fair,
Indora's graceful page was he,
Her glitt'ring train to bear.

" His gentle mien—his actions kind
Did every heart engage—
His comrades lov'd, and strangers prais'd,
Yahtah, the poor black page.

" From beauteous Zama's jetty eye
The pow'r of love he learn'd;
From beauteous Zama's artless tongue
He heard that love return'd.

" In language of the purest joy
His transport he express'd;
He thought, but, ah! he blindly thought,
His destiny was blest.

" Indora view'd her gentle page,
In manly grace array'd;
His worth she own'd, and wonder'd why
He lov'd the sable maid.

" The passions of Indora were
By honour uncontroll'd;
Warm to indulge in ev'ry vice,
To ev'ry virtue cold.

" Yet Love, insidious in her heart,
Did all his pow'rs engage,
And painted as Adonis bright
The unaspiring page.

" She met him in her castle hall,
' Ah, dearest youth,' cried she,
I'll give thee riches, pow'r, and slaves,
Thou shalt my fav'rite be !'

" Amaz'd, confus'd, the wond'ring page
Did like a statue stand,
While fair Indora forward bent,
And seiz'd his sable hand.

" One single proof of love I ask,
One single boon implore,
Swear by yon shining moon above
You'll ne'er see Zama more.

" Ah, lady fair, my grateful sense
How can I e'er express?
Yet is the gentle Zama form'd
My fondest hopes to bless.

" Like yonder star that shines so high,
Of all admir'd art thou,
While she my captive heart adores,
Is like the glow-worm low.

" O then, while courtly suitors bow
To gain thy charms so bright,
In shades retir'd this heart shall own
My Zama's humbler light.

" Indora's eye with frenzy flash'd,
Her brow in fury lour'd,
And thus she on the gentle page
Her indignation pour'd.

" Ungrateful wretch! th' illusion's fled.
The fancy'd charm is gone;
Thy baseness hath revers'd my love
To hatred and to scorn.

" Shall Zama, as the demons black!
Be thus preferr'd to me?
Hence, abject, from my sight, for thou
My rage shalt quickly see.

" The page retir'd, the angry fair
Into her chamber went,
Her sparkling eyes with fury glar'd,
Her soul on vengeance bent.

" Her plans in quick rotation came,
Of dark and darker hue;
At length with sudden haste she rose
Determin'd what to do.

" She knew that Zama on this eve
Would pass a lonely grove,
And thither hastes to vent the rage
Of unrequited love.

" Too fav'ring fate——propitious hour
For passion's sov'reign rule!
No interval of time allow'd,
That murd'rous thought might cool.

" Not long she waited, ere she saw
Th' unconscious maiden come,
Fearless as innocent she pass'd,
Amid night's deep'ning gloom.

" The fair assassin forward rush'd,
Rage from her eye balls dart,
Aid me, revenge!" she cried, and plung'd
A sword in Zama's heart.

" The hapless victim backward fell,
' Ah, whence this fate!' she cried,
Then on her murd'rer fix'd her eye,
And deeply groaning died.

" The morning came—the deed was known,
All sought the fatal grove.
Yahtah in silent horror gaz'd
Upon his murder'd Love.

" Yet tho' to view this scene of death,
E'en pitying strangers sigh.
No groan escap'd his angry breast,
No tear his vengeful eye.

" Not once he press'd her lifeless hand,
And not one word would say—
But thro' the gath'ring crowd he broke,
And left her where she lay.

" All frantic to the court he flew,
And justice loud invok'd—
Reveal'd Indora's love—her threats
When he that love provok'd.

" His tale is heard, the word they give
To seize the murd'rous fair,
And justice hasty messengers
Unto her house repair.

" In vain her servant men she calls
To arm and make defence;
Affecting just disdain, she scorns
To speak of innocence.

" Immur'd in durance loud she rav'd,
Her speech knew no controul,
For prison walls had never yet
Confin'd a haughtier soul.

" At length the trial day comes on,
And hope inspires the youth—
Th' accus'd hath pow'r, and friends, and gold,
Th' accuser only truth.

" Her friends so high, her gold so bright,
In all their lures appear,
And now her cheek is flush'd with hope,
And now 'tis pale with fear.

" Proofs crowd on proof, and oaths are sworn,
That on that eve was seen,
Indora passing thro' the grove,
Her purpose in her mien.

" The fatal steel all rusted o'er
Before the Court they lay,
And swear 'twas in her wardrobe found
Among her garments gay.

" The fatal steel all rusted o'er,
Her purchas'd vassals swear,
Was there convey'd by artful wiles
Their lady to ensnare.

" To hear this cause all ranks collect,
And all an int'rest own,
Yahtah was poor, Indora rich,
And justice was not done.

" 'Midst lone sequester'd woods, the youth
In keenest anguish sigh'd,
' Revenge, revenge and justice, where—
Where have ye flown?" he cried.

' Shall Zama's death go unaveng'd?
Shall vile Indora live?
Perish Yahtah if he delay
The vengeance just to give!'

" The frantic youth disguis'd his form,
And to the castle went—
To gain his mistress' ear, he then
A well-feign'd message sent.

' Indora met him in the hall,
And did his errand ask,
' And why,' she cried, ' thine aspect hide
Beneath that pallid mask?"

" The Page advanc'd, his mask withdrew,
' Behold Yahtah,' he cried:
' My Zama's blood for vengeance calls,
And shall be satisfied!'

" His well known voice did on her ear
Like awful thunders break
Upon his aspect, wild she gaz'd,
But had not pow'r to speak.

" As conscience-struck the murd'ress stood,
He, from beneath his vest
A dagger drew, and madly plung'd
It deep within her breast.

" Her shriek the Castle all alarm'd,
Their lady dead they found;
Amaz'd they stood, then quickly throng'd
The hapless page around.

" They wrench'd the dagger from his hand,
' For pity hold,' he cried;
' That friendly point is all I ask,
And must it be denied?'

" A dungeon soon receiv'd Yahtah,
His guilt stood all confess'd:
Remorse o'er every passion stole,
And anguish wrung his breast.

" He heard his condemnation pass'd
With firm unalter'd mien,
' 'Tis just,' he cried, ' Yahtah should die,
' And close this tragic scene.'

" The dreadful day at length arriv'd,
And all with sorrow wait,
E'en justice turn'd aside to weep
In pity for his fate.

" Ill destin'd wretch! His tears they see,
And mark the struggling sigh;
But who his feelings can define
Just on the verge to die!

" Around the scene his eyes he cast
With spirit all repress'd,
Then chas'd the tear that dimm'd his sight,
And thus the crowd address'd.

' Unto my dying words attend,
' Ye who behold my fate;
' Remorse hath struck my tortur'd heart,
' But struck, alas! too late.

' O, in this termination sad,
' Survey wild passion's fruit,
' For vengeance was not made for man,
' Blind man to execute.

'How brightly rose my morning sun,
'But ah! how swift it pass'd!
'I form'd a pyramid of joys,
'Nor saw th' impending blast—

'Shall man so fond, so blind presume
'To strike th' avenging blow,
'Tho' all his hopes on earth are crush'd?
'My heart pronounces—no.

'Indora's crime is light to mine,
'And in the scale doth rise,
'I sent a wretch to woe——but she
'An angel to the skies.

'When in your breasts, companions dear,
'Contending passions war,
'O let mild reason take the reins,
'And think of poor Yahtah.

'Adieu, adieu, my comrades all,
'See justice doth await,
'Direct to heav'n a pray'r for me,
'And learn to shun my fate.'

This piece, though not disapproved, was yet pronounced far inferior to that of Master Moris, in which the company, with one voice, professed to discern a

certain sublimity characteristic of true genius. La More read their minds, nor required more to determine his decision ; the medal was therefore presented to Master Moris with much form, and accompanied with a flattering compliment, while poor Woodly was dismissed without a single sprig of laurel. As I contemplated the increased vanity in the aspect and deportment of the successful youth, and the disappointment visible in the countenance of the other, I could not but declare my preference of his performance, and expressed considerable surprise at its ill success.

" Ill success," repeated La More, " by no means—we allow the ballad has merit, but it yields to the production of Master Moris."

" There is indeed merit in it," said I, " particularly in these two lines :—

" Yahtah was poor, Indora rich,
And justice was not done."

La More bit his lips, and the mother of young Moris reddened with vexation, while Mrs. Anselm looked on me with a countenance expressive both of surprise and displeasure. I was much disconcerted, and heartily wished the reproof had come from any other rather than from myself.

When we were about departing, Judith requested of Master Moris a copy of his verses, and I asked La More for one of Woodly's ballad; thus I have been able to transcribe them both for your amusement.

On our return home, Mrs. Anselm good-naturedly taxed me with the impoliteness of which I had been guilty. "Who but must have known," said she, "that the piece of young Moris was not worthy a comparison with the other; but when parents are so ridiculously vain, and school-masters so complaisant, we cannot have the rudeness to offer a different opinion, but must flatter the partiality of the mother and conceit of the boy, while

inwardly condemning both. My dear Amelia must study politeness more, yet I hope not at the expense of that amiable sincerity which I have ever admired in her. Mrs. Anselm, either in advising me or in censuring, uniformly dashes her observations with a few strokes of flattery, which she applies with so much address, that it seldom fails of pleasing. However, I cannot but think, in the present case, that if I sacrificed nothing to politeness, Mrs. Anselm did too much; for, however vain the parent, or complaisant the master, a display of their vanity and complaisance was preceded by the decision of the company, particularly by that of herself.

LETTER XI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Devonshire Place.

How difficult it is to be any length of time in a family without interesting ones-self too much in their concerns! Visitors should endeavour to promote the satisfaction of all with whom they are residing, without taking a part in their disagreements, unless indeed they can render essential service by so doing. This line of conduct I have not been able strictly to adhere to, but have, on some occasions, given my sentiments so freely as to lose much of the good-will of Judith; and even Mrs. Anselm, I fear, thinks me too observing in matters with which I should have no concern. Miss Wyart, the niece of Mr. Anselm, whom I mentioned to

you in no very favourable manner (owing to the ill impressions given me of her, and not, I am sure, from my own observation), now that I have become acquainted with her, excites in me both pity and esteem. Prepared by what I had heard from Catherine and Judith, on our first introduction to each other, I beheld her through a false medium, concluding her to be the very reverse of what I now find. She has been brought up with all the tenderness which indulgent parents generally display towards an only child, and was educated at the same school with her cousins, where it appears a spirit of envy and emulation took place between them, which at length destroyed the harmony subsisting till then in the two families. Thus disunited were they when, on the death of Mr. Wyart, his unfortunate daughter, helpless and dependent, was received by her uncle. Judith manifestly triumphs in the fall of her lately envied rival, and has, I witness it with

concern, too much influence on the minds of her mother and sister, who do not always conduct themselves towards the amiable Miss Wyart with the tenderness she merits. Mr. Anselm indeed treats her with the utmost kindness, and I perceive the prejudices and causeless dislike of his family occasions him much uneasiness, and frequently furnishes subject for considerable disagreement with them.

I cannot but be struck with the manners of Miss Wyart, so different even from those of Mrs. Anselm and Catherine, who hesitate not to influence the minds of all with whom they converse in her disfavour, while she, on the contrary, never reflects one word to their prejudice. They frequently make unkind allusions, calculated, if not purposely designed, to wound her feelings; often reminding her, by various modes, of the obligations she is under to them—of her former extravagance, and its consequences. Alas! they have little need,

for, amidst all the indifference she affects, her sensibility too plainly appears, nor can she always prevent the tears from rushing into her eyes, though endeavouring with the most painful solicitude to conceal them. The other day they purposely introduced, as a subject of conversation, a dependent lady in the circle of their acquaintance, who had gone to reside with her brother, much against the inclination of his wife and children.

"Such arrangements are uniformly hateful," said Judith.

"In my idea they are," cried Mrs. Anselm. "I would expend twice the sum of their maintenance, rather than have people thus intruded into my family."

Julia was sitting at needle-work by the window: I dared not look at her; but how heartily did I wish myself independent for her sake, that I might remove her from such scenes of distress and mortification. I do not conceal the alteration

which my opinion has undergone respecting her, and, as I before observed, sometimes display more interest in her behalf than (considering my situation here) is wholly justifiable. The amiable Julia has interested me so much, that I feel uneasy in viewing myself under circumstances which compel my being in a degree silent concerning her. How can Mrs. Anselm, who is considerate in every other respect, be unfeeling in this alone? Catherine too would have pity for any but Miss Wyart, whom she should behold in a similar situation. The more I reflect on Julia—on her patient sweetness and disdain of every thing mean or selfish, the more do I admire, and view her in a light altogether superior to those who are thus inconsiderate towards her.

I was much affected this morning by the emotion which she in vain endeavoured to conceal. As we sat at breakfast, a letter was delivered to Mr. Anselm from a gentleman who, having seve-

ral times met Judith in company, had become enamoured of her, and now wrote soliciting liberty to pay his addresses to her. Mr. Halville, which as I since learn, is his name, once paid his devoirs to Miss Wyart, from whom he met with no rejection, but gradually withdrew his attentions. After having read the letter, Mr. Anselm put it into the hands of his lady, with a countenance expressive of much approbation. Catherine and Judith looked over their mother, and the name of Mr. Halville, as the admirer of the latter, was soon mentioned. Turning my eyes accidentally on Miss Wyart, they were instantly arrested by the extreme paleness of her countenance. I had begun to ask her if she was unwell, when a change as sudden took place; the blood rushed into her face, while seeming hardly to know what she said: "I believe," cried she, "Mr. Halville has an addition to his fortune—I thought he was down in Essex." A

moment after (the breakfast being nearly concluded) she abruptly withdrew. Ah! how cruel her situation, if indeed she has given her affections to this man, which no one that witnessed her emotions, can doubt. Ungenerous Halville, to win and then forsake a heart like hers!

Mr. Anselm quits us to-morrow for Holland, where he will most probably be detained many months from his family. I much regret the necessity of his going. Were his business subservient to my pleasure, I should not lose his company during my continuance here

LETTER XII.

THOMAS TO SIR EDWARD.

London.

Dear and honoured Master,

YOUR Honour desired me to give you notice if any thing particular happened respecting Miss, as it concerned your Honour, as Miss's guardian, to be made acquainted. The servants at Mr. Anselm's say there is a Sir William Courtly and a 'Squire Hamilton, who make their addresses to her, and that young Mr. Anselm is courting her too, which I should think very likely: he is, however, a haughty young man, and very much disliked. Sir William's footman says, how his master wants Miss's money, being much in debt; for every one here concludes that her uncle will return what

they call a Nabob, and that she will be a rich fortune; but the servants are of different opinions as to which Miss favours.

Miss is reckoned to be very much improved since she came to London—your Honour would hardly know her again—she is so altered, and looks and speaks so much like a fine lady. Your poor old Thomas, dear master, feels himself quite aukward in this here great city; the servants all put on the airs of their masters; the housemaids flirt their fans in muslin dresses, and the footmen talk of nothing but parties, cards, and claret; they quiz my old-fashioned hat and wig, and the cut of my coat affords them much entertainment: for my part, I am not offended with them, although their society gives me no pleasure.

Be so kind, honoured master, as to remember me to Mrs. Lochardan, and tell her I hope her rheumatism is better.—Please give my love to all the servants—I long to be once more among them.—

Having no more to say at present, I remain, dear and honoured Sir,

Your faithful servant to command,

THOMAS MILES.

LETTER XIII.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

I HAVE news to tell my dear Mrs. Melville, which may perhaps surprise her. Your suspicions of my entertaining a partiality for Albert Anselm were, indeed, better founded than I would then allow myself to acknowledge. I conceive that I am now justified in saying this, for, most unexpectedly, I assure you, he has made me an offer of his hand and heart. Possessed as he is of the most amiable qualities, with manners agreeable and engaging, can I but be

flattered by his preference? There are no pleasures wholly unalloyed; and where could I enter a family, every part of which would have been formed more agreeable to my wishes? Mrs. Anselm overwhelms me with expressions of kindness, and I perceive, with the utmost satisfaction, that the choice of Albert has the entire approbation of all his friends. "We have but one heart respecting you," said Catherine, encircling me with her arm; "you know not how dear you are to us all, or how much we shall consider ourselves honoured in having you among us."

"My brother was ever a favourite with the ladies," observed Judith (when first informed of my listening to his addresses), "yet he always discouraged their advances. You alone, Miss Herman, could engage his heart: he seems to exist only in your smiles."—Catherine and Judith have their different manners: the latter would not that I should forget

how highly I am distinguished, while the former seems almost as if she sought to flatter me into a persuasion that they are the obliged persons.

While congratulating myself in the approbation of Mr. Anselm's family, I have not forgotten that our happiness is dependent on the pleasure of my dear uncle in India: yet I entertain little apprehension on this head, knowing that, in point of birth and fortune, Albert is more than my equal.

I send you this letter by a gentleman going to Wales, who will also deliver you a small box, containing some trifling marks of my regard: they consist of a necklace of pearl, which I request you will accept, an enamelled snuff-box for Mrs. Lochardan, and a diamond ring, that I won in raffling, and which I shall be proud if Sir Edward will wear as a memorial of my esteem for him.

LETTER XIV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Devonshire Place.

AN incident has just now occurred which vexes me exceedingly. While sitting with the two Miss Anselms and Julia this forenoon, I heard a noise of dispute at the street door, and presently distinguishing the voices of Albert and Sir Edward's Thomas, hastened down stairs, at the bottom of which I perceived them both in much passion. Thomas was then addressing Albert: "How dared you strike my hat off?" said he. "I serve a gentleman, and by his authority have a right to see the young lady."

"What is all this?" cried I. "Indeed Mr. Anselm, I will not see Sir Edward

Wybrow's servant affronted.—What do you want with me, Thomas?" added I, addressing the old man.

"Nothing particular, Miss," he replied; "only as I was going to write to Sir Edward, I called to ask after you, and to know if you had any commands. I little expected, to be sure, that I should have been treated so," added he, picking up his hat, and going towards the street door.

"What can have provoked you to this, Mr. Anselm?" inquired I, turning to Albert.

"Nothing in the world," answered he, laughing; "but that I conceived the fellow could have no possible business with you, so told him he might make the best of his way down to Wales without troubling you.—Was not that all, old boy?" added he, to Thomas, and went into the parlour humming a tune.—Much displeased at his improper conduct, "Think no more of it, Thomas," said I; "some-

thing has perhaps ruffled Mr. Anselm, and he is naturally hasty."

"So it seems," returned Thomas, brushing his hat with his hand, in much anger.

I took from my purse a guinea, which offering to him, "Accept this," cried I, "as some recompence."

"No, Miss," answered he, "Sir Edward Wybrow's servants are above taking recompence for insults," and instantly quitted the house.

Mrs. Anselm and Albert entertain an idea that Sir Edward mistrusting my safety here, has placed Thomas near me as a guard. Nothing can be more false than this notion: polite attention alone actuated him; nor is his kindness the less that Thomas is useless to me. They have likewise another ground of ill-will towards Sir Edward. It seems he did not reply to the letter of Mrs. Anselm, which contained her invitation, conceiving, perhaps, that my going would be answer sufficient.—This is, in their opinion, an

unpardonable breach of politeness, and prepares their minds for the reception of ill impressions only. How superficial generally are the causes from which favour or dislike take their rise!

LETTER XV.

THOMAS TO SIR EDWARD.

London.

Honoured Sir,

I AM of no use, your Honour, either in this great city or to Miss Herman, nor have I been treated with the respect which, as a servant of yours, was due to me. I had not seen my young mistress for a fortnight; so yesterday called on her, to know if she had any commands, being about writing to you. I was just speaking to the footman at the door, when young Mr. Anselm came out of the

parlour, and very roughly demanded whom I wanted.

" If Miss Herman is at leisure, Sir," said I, " I should be glad to speak with her."

" Pshaw," returned he " you can have nothing to say to her, old fellow—she is engaged, and does not wish to be troubled."

I stared, your honour, at being spoken to in that manner, though, indeed, Mr. Albert had never treated me with much civility: " I am Sir Edward Wybrow's servant, Sir," said I, " and came here by my master's orders to wait on Miss Herman."

" Then, by my orders," said he, " you may return from whence you came—we want no spies here, Miss Herman is safe enough without them, besides I tell you she is engaged."

" I do not believe it," answered I, putting on my hat, and going to the street door; " however I will let Sir

Edward know, that I am not allowed to speak with Miss Herman."

"Do so, old fellow," said he, "and tell him also that thus I teach his scoundrel of a servant respect, and how in future to give a Gentleman the lie." Saying this, he followed and struck my hat off my head. A poor man's blood, your honour, will mount sometimes, and I could not help telling him that he was no gentleman, and the like, which did but irritate him the more. Just at this moment comes down Miss Herman, and asked what was the matter?—Mr. Albert gave her some slight answer, and went singing into the parlour again as cool as if nothing had happened. O these fashionable people! How they can carry things off.

Miss was good enough to take my part, and, indeed, offered me money to make the matter up—however I scorned o accept it. I can now inform your honour for certain, that Miss is to be

married to this young spark, nothing else is talked about in the family.

Please your honour, remember me to Mrs. Lochardan and the servants; tell them the Welch girl that Miss brought to London with her, has gone into the country to be a dairy-maid: poor thing, I am glad of it, for this London would have been her ruin. Miss found her not tasty enough for a lady's maid here, and has got a person in her room, who dresses in as smart a way as herself. I have nothing more to say at present,

And am

Your Honour's faithful servant

THOMAS MILES.

LETTER XVI.

JULIA TO MRS. CLIFTON.

Devonshire Place.

AGAIN I take up the pen to impart my sorrows, and to seek the kind sympathy of my maternal friend. O! Mrs. Clifton, one only event was wanting to render the misery of your poor Julia complete; alas, there is now none. Mr. Halville, the possessor of my heart's dearest affections, has introduced himself at Mr. Anselm's as the avowed admirer of Judith, and thus must I endure to be an eye witness to those scenes, which will surely soon terminate my woe. Too cruel fate! What a situation is mine! First, my own folly losing me the affections of the only one on earth to whom I could have given my heart, and then the

slanders of my happy unfeeling cousins, influencing his mind still more. O Halville, I could, however hard, have borne your indifference, but my heart breaks in the contemplation of your contempt and hatred. What a return for those sentiments that fill my own bosom! At his first coming to the house, he treated me with politeness, but he is much altered since, his conduct sufficiently discovers the change in his opinion, nor can I for a moment doubt its cause. My own behaviour, too, gives confirmation to the cruel insinuations of my enemies; how difficult it is to appear cheerful and tranquil under circumstances such as mine, yet, fearful of betraying my wounded feelings, I indeed aim at vivacity in his presence, and meet his coldness with an effort of civility, from which I endeavour in vain to exclude that jealous asperity corroding at my heart. To him I must appear in the light of a giddy butterfly of fashion;

when deprived of the means to procure her favourite gratifications, and finding resource only in envy, ill-humour, and spleen. My heart suggests to me, "may not this be a true picture?"

My uncle being absent, on a journey, there is no one to restrain the unkindness of Mrs. Anselm and my cousins; yet I am forgetting, for I have indeed still a friend in a young lady, who has been for some time past on a visit here; she possesses a temper the most engaging, and although full of vivacity, discovers the utmost sympathy for the unfortunate; she sees the ill-will of Judith in particular towards me, and though strongly attached to all the family, and even assiduous to conciliate their favor, and study their humours, yet have I been more than once indebted to her, for espousing my cause, in a manner so determined, that it has, in my opinion, rendered her an object of dislike to Judith; how different her behaviour from all the rest of Mr. Anselm's

friends, who uniformly treat me with disregard, while Miss Herman (which is the name of this young lady) distinguishes me by an attention that awakens in my mind the tenderest gratitude.

IN CONTINUATION.

Too cruel Judith! Yet why distinguish Judith from her unfeeling mother and sister? Ah! how can Halville, who was quick-sighted in regard to me, be blind to her true character? He views through the medium of infatuating love, and vice in Judith to him seems virtue. Yesterday was to me a day the most painful. Yesterday do I say? Alas! so is to day, and I see no end to my sorrows. I thought myself wretched before. I was happy in comparison of what I now am—hear how by my own carelessness I have exposed myself to the exultation of my enemies; in a blank leaf of my pocket book I had written the following verses, which

leaving inconsiderately on the table, fell into the hands of Catherine.

" O flatt'ring hope, where are the joys
That sweetly smil'd on me?
Of all my views, I nothing now
But disappointment see:
The peace that lodg'd within my breast
With thee is borne away;
O Fate, relent, and let me die
On Judith's marriage day!

" Bereft of fortune and of friends,
Of him my heart ador'd;
One last sad boon, O pitying heav'n!
One last sad boon afford,
When all around are dress'd in smiles,
In pleasures fair array,
O bear from earth my troubled soul
On Judith's marriage day."

Ah! had Catherine but been my friend, had she possessed one spark of delicacy or generosity, she would not have taken advantage of this; but far otherwise, she cruelly bore the book in triumph to her

mother and sister, and when recollecting my negligence I returned to retrieve it, it was in the hands of Judith; overwhelmed with confusion, hardly I could support myself, while I beheld ridicule and triumph in the countenance of each. Catherine asked pardon for the liberty she had taken, but said the book lay open in that leaf. Judith, affected being unable to restrain her laughter, and inquired if I really meant on that fatal day to bow my head and die. "O Judith, Judith," cried Miss Herman, "I would not be so unfeeling as you are for all the world."

"Was this kind?" said I, turning to Catherine, "thus to betray an unfriended creature thrown into your power, by your own want of politeness and her unfortunate inattention?" thus speaking I withdrew. My heart is full of distress and vexation in reflecting on this scene. I can write no more.

IN CONTINUATION.

What am I to think? Is it possible that the unkindness of Catherine and Judith can have led them to betray me to Mr. Halville? Do they thus delight to torture, by a refinement of cruelty, one who is already so much humiliated? if not, what means the scene I this day witnessed? Instead of walking out as usual this forenoon, my cousins remained at work in the room where I was sitting. Mr. Halville with them, apparently in a thoughtful mood.

" Have you nothing but silence to amuse us with, Mr. Halville?" said Judith.

After a few moment's reflection, " I will try," said he, and took from his pocket book a written ballad, (which, as it afterwards lay on the window seat, I have been enabled to copy,) he then read thus—

THE MARRIAGE DAY.

" She met him in her evening walk,
As thro' the mall she rov'd,
Her fancy wander'd round the globe,
And only him she lov'd!

" She saw him at the village church,
The world seem'd all her own!
With him the fascination fled,
And ev'ry charm was gone.

" Illusive hope her bosom fir'd,
Each anxious fear beguil'd;
For twice on her Alcander gaz'd,
And twice on her he smil'd.

" At home, abroad, by night or day
These smiles her heart impress'd,
And as she thought, a vivid flame
Shot transport through her breast.

" O fiat of determin'd fate!
Victorious was the dart!
Alcander's image rul'd her breast,
And twin'd around her heart.

" 'Twas at the doubtful dusk of eve,
Her foot the green grass press'd,
Her eyes upon the earth were cast,
A weight lay at her breast.

" Lidora lean'd upon her arm,
The day is fixt," she cried,
" Thy beauteous friend, fair Maryann,
Will be Alcander's bride."

" O ye, who love's severest pang,
Who jealousy have known,
Judge of Miranda's feelings, ah!
Judge of them by your own.

" A deadly weight her heart oppress'd,
Her hand was cold as clay,
While colors of the blooming rose
Pass'd from her cheek away.

" Deep from her soul a sigh she drew,
As if to wrench the dart:
Such sighs full oft have crack'd the strings
That hold the quiv'ring heart.

" O treach'rous love," she faintly cried,
" Why did he smile so sweet?
For thee, Alcander, I had spurn'd
A sceptre from my feet!"

" Ah! hapless fair, for thy distress
No heart will pity feel:
Triumphant love shall bind thee to
His conqu'ring chariot wheel.

" She wak'd as from a flatt'ring dream,
Th' illusion all dispers'd,
She wak'd as from a flatt'ring dream,
How was the scene revers'd!

" The mark of scorn, the slave of love,
Life's sweet attractions flown,
She felt a desolated wretch,
A being quite alone.

" Her path o'erspread with briers and thorns,
She wander'd here and there;
The prospect darken'd, 'twas so dark
The gloom she could not bear.

" The morning came, the bride arose,
Her garments gay put on,
The sweet birds sing, the flowers expand
Their colours to the sun.

" Be hush'd the tabor and the pipe,
Bid solemn vows begin,
Open the church doors wide, and let
The bridal party in.

" O ! who is she that moves so slow,
The winding aisle along ?
From whence hath such a phantom form,
So pale, so languid, sprung ?

" Her dress no studied negligence
To heighten grace displays,
A gown of white, a hat of straw,
Her lovely form arrays.

" Her hair had been with trembling hand,
In silken fetters bound,
But many a waving lock there stray'd,
And play'd her neck around.

" She to the bridal train drew near,
And as she walks she throws
The gay carnation in their path,
The lilly and the rose.

" May heaven with roses strew your way,
May blessings follow thee !"
She spoke, and at Alcander's feet
She dropp'd upon her knee.

" A dagger in her hand she grasp'd,
Her voice to heav'n address'd,
Forgive, forgive !" She frantic cried,
And plung'd it in her breast.

" Her spirit thus uncall'd, escap'd—
Nor further can we see,
O wretched Maid, thy end is gain'd,
Alcander pities thee!"

During the reading of this ballad, contending passions filled my heart. The similarity it bore to my own situation exciting suspicions the most overwhelming, I dared not lift my eyes on any present. When it was concluded, I involuntarily glanced a look towards Mr. Halville, but again turned away in the utmost embarrassment, perceiving his eyes were fixed upon me.

" What thinks the fair Judith of my ballad?" said he.

Again I raised my eyes, but, although thus addressing himself to her, he still gazed on me.

" 'Tis a most melancholy piece," said Judith, " but I should suppose to those in similar situations would be mighty pretty. I wonder how my cousin Julia likes it." I hardly know if I murmured

any thing in reply; but a moment after, regardless of the observations I might excite by abruptly quitting them, I left the room; yet, surely it is impossible that Halville should join in so cruel a plan; it would be wholly inconsistent with his character; if indeed he could be capable of such inhumanity, how unworthy would he be of that regard my heart still feels for him;—but it cannot be, it must have been accidental, and Judith and Catherine are perhaps now amusing themselves with the thought of his production being so fortunately a-propos.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have just received your kind letter; my tears flowed as I read it; so tender, so congenial to my sad feelings are many of your reflections, yet you seem to think, that could I have employed address on my first coming here, and studied more the humours of Mrs. Anselm

and my cousins, I might have been happier. Indeed, Mrs. Clifton, my heart was prepared both to be affectionate and grateful, but the reception I met destroyed its resolution. You say, that I possess your tenderest pity:—Ah! how grateful to me is the kind assurance. When retired to my silent chamber, I fly to my paper as to an indulgent friend, for it transmits my complaints to the ear of friendship. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Clifton; that heaven may watch over your happiness is among my most earnest wishes.

P. S. With a mind too fully occupied by sorrows, to which I find it impossible to submit in the manner I ought, I neglect to give you information of what occurs in my uncle's family; and, notwithstanding our correspondence, you might have heard the account of Albert's intended marriage from public report, without having had any previous intima-

tion of it from me, had not the recollection of it just now recurred. He is engaged to Miss Herman, the young lady of whom I told you, and who is alike indebted to nature and fortune, possessing a person and manners to which envy alone could find exceptions, and being heiress to immense wealth.

LETTER XVII.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

I THANK you, my dear friend, for your kind congratulations, and for the good wishes which you express towards me. You were not altogether mistaken in imagining, that it was the prospect of seeing Albert which rendered this visit so peculiarly desirable to me; his disposition, amiable and engaging, I own has long since attracted my admiration, and

secured my heart exclusively his. In him are united the virtues of his father, and the agreeable qualities of Mrs. Anselm, who is more shining than solid, while her husband is plain in his manners, but possesses much discrimination and great goodness of heart.

Mr. Halville, whom I mentioned to you as the admirer of Judith, is now frequent in his visits here; his person and address are prepossessing, and he appears to have much good sense and discernment, with both of which, however, the choice he has made, you will say, is inconsistent. Mrs. Anselm suffers considerable anxiety on account of the conduct of Judith towards him, for, notwithstanding her having received him favourably, she yet lavishes all her regards on a 'Squire Bagshot, a man of rude manners, who seems but to excel as a sportsman and drinking companion; and is also of broken fortune. Halville, whom love has blinded to all her defects, in re-

sentment for the notice she bestows on Bagshot, I can perceive, affects to lavish his attentions on me. Alas! Why not turn them in sincerity to the amiable Julia? What joy should I experience in such an event! but his heart is only Judith's.

This evening, after a pause of reflection, Mrs. Anselm observed, that Mr. Halville, who has newly come to the possession of a large estate, must be immensely rich. "Yet on what are you thinking, Judith?" added she; "by the levity of your conduct you will lose the affections of this worthy man, and too late may you repent it."

"He is Albert's rival," returned Judith carelessly, "Miss Herman is his magnet."

"Stay, Judith," said Mrs. Anselm, "you have every reason to be convinced of his attachment; and if you are not assured of it, can an appearance of coquetry and caprice raise you in the esti-

mation of a man of sense? believe me, it cannot. You compel him to act in the manner he does; nor can you with justice blame him for shewing attention to Miss Herman, when you select Bagshot on whom to bestow your own."

"I wish 'Squire Bagshot had his wealth," said Judith.

"Why so, sister?" cried Catherine.

"Because," answered Judith, "I declare to you, that the fortune of Halville is the only thing belonging to him that meets my approbation." "He is a most agreeable and pleasant young man," observed Mrs. Anselm gravely, "but you prefer 'Squire Bagshot, who is an idle rattle, a mere country boor; you shall, however, be denied to him, nor with my approbation shall he ever enter this house again."

"Well," cried Judith, affecting a sigh, "I resign the queen of hearts for that of diamonds; but should Halville prove himself insensible to the honour done

him, in this sacrifice I make of inclination, I'll e'en over the heath with Bagshot."

"For shame, Judith!" said her mother: "I much disapprove the lightness of your conversation."

"But seriously, mama, I mean to have Halville."

"With all my heart," answered she; "you cannot make a better or a more prudent choice."

"Alas!" cried Judith, "I shall soon be crying heigh-ho for a suit of rich sables and my charming Bagshot!"

"Surely, Miss Anselm, you are but joking," said I; "you would never unite yourself from interested motives only?"

"Indeed but I would," returned Judith: "I utterly dislike Mr. Halville; all his manners are to me disagreeable; it is his fortune alone that can in any degree reconcile me to them."

The countenance of Mrs. Anselm now expressed much anger: she arose to quit us, and turning to her daughter—"Is

there nothing," cried she, " that you have sense to conceal ?"

As soon as she had gone, Judith protested she would marry Bagshot; but, on a few minutes' reflection, " No, he is indeed too poor," said she—" I must have Halville."

Alas! how wretched a discerner is Love! the wealth of this infatuated admirer will, doubtless, procure him the object of his choice; but when Hymen dispels the illusions of fancy, how, with Mr. Halville's good sense, will he be able to esteem Judith?

IN CONTINUATION.

High birth and fashionable education do not, I find, preclude the lowest ridicule or the grossest rudeness—far otherwise; they are frequently regarded as affording a licence for the fuller indulgence of them. Yesterday forenoon I witnessed an instance of this, during a walk which

we took in the park. Catherine and Judith, with two companions of theirs, Mr. Halville and myself, formed the party. We had advanced within a short distance of a seat, with design to rest awhile, when a diminutive and exceedingly deformed old man, not immediately perceiving our intention, seated himself upon it: his appearance excited the risibility of Judith and her two companions. Halville, Catherine, and myself, would have passed to the next seat, but, with airs of conscious superiority, they flung themselves down by the stranger, who, moving to the end of the seat, for their better accommodation, drew a pamphlet from his pocket, which he began quietly to peruse.

"Sit nearer to his Lordship," said one of the young ladies, in an audible whisper to Judith; then, amidst half-smothered laughter, with frequent glances at the old man, they continued talking in the ears of each other, till, disturbed by

their rude conduct, he arose, and withdrew. Judith turned up her lip as she looked after him, and with her two companions ridiculed his appearance till he was out of sight. I could perceive in the gravity of Halville that this conduct of his mistress contributed little to raise her in his estimation.

" If you will favour me with your attention, ladies," cried he, after a pause of reflection, " I will relate a story to you that just now presents itself to my mind." We all expressed our willingness to hear it, and those who were still indulging their unseasonable mirth, having checked it into silence, he thus began:

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

" PHYLANDER, Dorantes, and Palemon, three young men, not distinguished either by superior understandings or much sensibility, during their travels to

remote countries, landed on the beautiful island of cedars, situated among the wide regions of the dominions of fancy. Allured by the inviting charms of a calm summer evening, they determined to make a circuit through that part of the country where Nature seemed to have been prodigal of her most delightful scenery.—Charmed with the novelty of their situation, with smiling countenances and elevated spirits, they wandered arm in arm through the romantic vallies. The spot they had chosen was secluded: they met but few of the inhabitants, and the further they penetrated, the more retired was the country. They still walked onwards, till at length the scene, but for themselves, had been entirely solitary; when, as they passed a thicket, there issued forth a frightful and mis-shapen figure of a man: he raised his sunk head from his bosom, and it rested against the high protuberance on his back; then, from the shadow of his thick bushy brows, he

glanced his eyes on our gay travellers; but, soon turning from them, and taking the path they were pursuing, walked composedly on before them.

" 'Are we three Gullivers,' cried Phylander, in a loud voice, 'arrived in the kingdom of Liliput?'—'No, no,' exclaimed Dorantes, laughing, 'we are certainly in the kingdom of deformity, and yonder walks the sovereign.'—'Hark ye, my little Governor,' cried Palemon, 'at what price may we supply ourselves with a cushion to lean our heads against?'—'Ah! bravo!' said Dorantes; 'tis a convenient pillow, by Jupiter.'

" Many other speeches of the same nature were uttered by our young travellers, on none of which the little figure deigned to bestow any sign of notice: they kept pace, however, with him a considerable time, all the while pursuing him with insulting language, till suddenly, to their no small admiration, a flight of beautiful doves rushed from a cluster of

trees and fluttered round the deformed man, evincing every sign of joy at his appearance; one perched on his shoulder, another on his extended hand, and all seemed eager and contentious for the marks of favour which he bestowed among them. The little figure crossed the path, and, surrounded by the doves, was soon hid among the embowering trees.

"Our travellers were expressing their surprise at this extraordinary sight, when a loud halloo was heard, and in a few moments after several fierce-looking ruffians rushed upon them, with drawn scimitars. 'Mercy! mercy!' cried Dorantes, 'be satisfied—we will give you all we have.'—'Yes, and then inform against us,' answered one of the robbers. 'No, no, masters, we will secure your silence.' They were then proceeding to execute their infernal purpose, but the cries of the young men brought again from the wood the deformed figure: the arms of the robbers were at once suspend-

ed, and they gazed upon him with looks of attention and reverence.

" ' Preserve the lives of those young men,' said he, addressing them with a firm voice and emphatic manner.

" ' Is it your desire?' inquired one of the robbers.

" ' Yes,—my earnest desire.'

" ' Then they are free,' cried the robber, ' nor will we plunder them of any thing ; the banditti of the forest, the violators of all law, bow before the virtues of the injured Calan!' Thus speaking, he rushed into a deep forest, followed by his ruffian associates. Our travellers, struck with a sense of shame and remorse for their past conduct, slowly turned, to thank their deliverer, but he was gone.

" ' He must be a very wonderful man,' cried Phylander.

" ' How could you, Phylander,' said Palemon—' how could you call after him so rudely?'

" ' That's high enough, by Juno,' answered Phylander, angrily, ' when yourself and Dorantes more than seconded me.'

" ' This is no time for disputes,' observed Dorantes; ' let us return; we know not how many gangs of banditti may inhabit these forests.'

"They then turned, but, by some means, lost the path by which they came, and their endeavours to find it tended but the more to bewilder them. The darkness now deepened, and they repented having so foolishly prolonged their walk, when, to encrease their perplexity, the wind began to rise, black clouds gathered around, and large drops of rain, betokening a storm, fell. They ran a considerable way in search of shelter, fearing to avail themselves of that which the forest afforded, as Dorantes either heard, or fancied he heard, the howling of wild beasts issuing from its gloomy recesses.

At length they stopped at the foot of a large mountain, beneath a projecting part of which they found a covering from the inclemency of the weather.

" The storm had by this time encreased almost to a hurricane—our travellers were drenched to the skin; the rain poured down in torrents, and the vivid lightning gleamed horrid across the black sky.

" 'O Heaven!' cried Dorantes, hiding his eyes, 'the lightning will blind us.'

" 'What shall we do?' cried Phylander; 'we must perish here: we shall never escape from this horrible wilderness.'

" At this moment a rumbling noise was heard in the mountain, amid which a human voice was plainly distinguishable.

" 'Heavens! the mountain is inhabited by banditti,' exclaimed Dorantes, starting up—'hasten! hasten! to save our lives.'

" Palemon and Phylander listened in consternation, but, fearing again to encounter the storm, they stood hesitating till, to their further amazement, a door in the mountain was flung open, and a man with a light in his hand stood before them. He evinced signs of surprise at the sight of our travellers. ' How came you here, young men?' said he.

" ' We are strangers on this island,' answered Dorantes; ' we came to survey the country, but have lost our way, and, pelted by the storm, have flown hither for shelter.'

" ' My Lord the Prince is retired for the night,' returned the man, ' but I will perform what I know would be his pleasure. Come in, young men, dry yourselves, and repose from your fatigue, and to-morrow a guide from hence shall conduct you to your homes.' The travellers thanked the stranger, and, half fearing, half wondering, followed him into the mountain.

" From an elegant hall, they descended a flight of stairs which led to an extensive and well furnished apartment.—' Dry your clothes, and I will prepare some refreshment for you,' said the young man. While they were regaling themselves, Dorantes, who felt persuaded, by the magnificent appearance of every thing around him, that they were not in a dwelling of banditti, thus addressed their entertainer:

" ' I cannot but express my amaze ment that a habitation so magnificent should be found in the hollow of a mountain. Who can chuse this for the place of his residence? a gloomy mountain, situated among forests infested by banditti.'

" ' It is not a residence of choice but of necessity,' answered the young man; ' the Prince Calan dwells here—the unfortunate, the banished Calan, the glory, the delight of the inhabitants of the Island of Cedars!'

" ' The delight of the inhabitants, and yet banished?' inquired Dorantes.

" ' Yes,' replied the young man, ' the delight of the inhabitants and banished; you are strangers—you have never heard his story.'

(At this moment the little figure darted across the minds of the travellers; they recollected the robbers had addressed him by the name of Calan; again they repented their rude conduct, and silently looking on each other, wished they might be mistaken in their conjectures.)

" ' No,' cried Dorantes, ' we have never heard his story; and, as it must be interesting, would be highly delighted with the recital.'

" ' I will impart it to you,' answered the young man; ' I have the happiness and the honour to be his confidential servant, and have quitted the treacherous court to dwell a recluse in this mountain with a master so beloved.

" ' Prince Calan was twin brother to Valmon, both sons of Zurah, our sovereign. Valmon was possessed of an elegant person, but a deformed mind—Calan of a deformed figure, but a beautiful soul. Conscious of his personal defects, with a mind fraught with sentiments of the most refined sensibility, society (very few of the pleasures of which he could partake) became wearisome to him, and he seldom appeared in public but on ceremonial occasions, when his presence could not well be dispensed with; and even then it was with extreme reluctance that he did violence to his natural habits: but the noble mind of Calan remained not inactive. The pleasure of doing good, of conferring happiness, and being contemplated as a benefactor, he would often say (with a benignant smile), yet remained for him; from every corner of the king's dominions the children of poverty and oppression flew to him; none solicited in vain: Calan relieved

their necessities; Calan redressed their wrongs; every one went away invoking blessings on the head of Calan; the fame of Calan extended beyond the realm; his name was adored, his very person idolized; he was contemplated through his actions, which cast a lustre around him; his deformities were hid in their radiance, and Calan became alike the darling of the King and of his subjects.

" ' While Calan was thus unconsciously encreasing his popularity, and chaining the hearts of the people to his virtues, Valmon, corrupted from infancy by flatteries, and vain to the extreme of a person the charms of which the courtiers and the ladies exaggerated, grew up with a mind as depraved as his person was attractive. Rank procured him respect from the virtuous, and self-interest drew forth the ready applauses of the sordid; but no spontaneous effusion of gratitude, no heartfelt welcome, hailed the approach of the vain and haughty Prince.

" ' Our aged monarch at length fell sick: Valmon reared his head in expectation, while Calan, dissolved in tears, soothed the departing spirit of his dying parent by the tenderest attentions.— " My sons are most dear to me," said the dying monarch: " both came into this world of affliction together; my subjects shall, therefore, have their choice of a sovereign between them; they shall decide which shall reign after me." Calan declared he wished not to reign, that to him a private station was far preferable. Valmon dared not to murmur, but his countenance clouded: he had been regarded as the heir, yet knew that the virtues of Calan had constituted him the idol of the people; but ere this question could be proposed to the subjects of Zurah, the monarch breathed his last.— Valmon, his courtiers, and their partizans, plotted together their dark designing schemes, while the affectionate Calan was mourning his beloved parent.

" ' While preparations were making for the choice of the new monarch, the Court issued an order that all proceedings on that head should be suspended till the character of Prince Calan, who was accused of plotting the death of his brother, should be cleared up, or the charge be proved against him. I was struck with astonishment and consternation,' continued the young man, ' on hearing this; I flew to my beloved master, who looked in my face, and anticipated what I was about to say. " I have heard a rumour of the strange charge against me, Agib," said he; " you know my heart—you know such a design as that of which I am accused is utterly incompatible with my character." —" O Heavens! how incompatible!" answered I.

" " I speak to you in confidence," returned the Prince. In this cruel and unjust charge I behold, with inutterable grief, the dark intrigues of a court—the

inhuman designs of an ambitious brother. Alas! how welcome would Prince Valmon be to the crown, but he knows the choice of the people would fall upon me."

" ' The day appointed for the trial of the Prince arrived: he was charged with having meditated the murder of his brother, and, to the astonishment of Calan, many plausible proofs were brought forward, all tending to confirm the false accusation. It was said that Calan had bribed Bahbac, a learned man, to give him counsel and assistance in the murderous scheme; and that Bahbac, struck with horror at the proposal, had betrayed it to the Court.

" ' Calan raised his eyes in astonishment—" 'Tis true," cried he, " that I visited Bahbac, the master of philosophy; I consulted him on morality, and the command of the passions: Heaven is my witness nothing further passed between us. Who has slandered me so grossly? Summon the philosopher, he

cannot but confirm my words." Bahbac was at hand—he came forward. Alas! the innocent Prince knew not the depravity of mankind, or how deeply the plans of a court are laid. Bahbac, with a confident look, confirmed the truth of the charge. Calan stood as if thunderstruck till, recovering his presence of mind, he defied him to look in his face and to call Heaven to witness so black a slander. Bahbac fixed his eyes on him, and confirmed the infernal falsehood with oaths the most solemn. Calan clasping his hands together, and looking upwards—"Sole Judge of man," cried he, "thou discernest the arts which have succeeded against me! to thee I commit myself." The innocent Prince was condemned to death, and they bore him, calm and tranquil, to the gloomy dungeon.

"How uncertain is the fate of man! how insecure is innocence in a world of guilt!" cried the Prince: "how treacherous the manners of a court! and how

does ambition steel the heart of a brother! Ah! envy—baleful passion! rather, infinitely rather, would Calan be thy victim, than thy successful votary.—But, Calan, thy spirit freed from the vexations of life, how shortly may it rest in peace, while the harpies of remorse feed on the repose of thy slanderers."

" ' While Calan was thus reflecting on his hapless fate, the whole city was in tumults for the safety of their adored Prince: they doubted not of his innocence, nor hesitated in believing Valmon and his Court the authors of the vile fabrications against him. The hour appointed for the execution of Calan at length arrived, and the guards conducted the firm and undaunted Prince from the dungeon; the inhabitants of the city rose unanimously, determined to achieve the rescue of so deserved a favourite. They overpowered the court party by their numbers, delayed the execution, and, thronging round the palace gates, de-

manded Calan. So violent was the uproar, and so general the outcry, that the Prince Valmon, perceiving his danger, changed his brother's sentence to banishment to the hollow mountain in this forest; and the multitude were permitted immediately to conduct him to it. When arrived at a distance from the court, they prostrated themselves before Calan, and, professing allegiance to him, swore he alone should be their King, and that they would never acknowledge Valmon.

" 'It needed all the eloquence and entreaties of the peaceable and unaspiring Calan to combat this resolution of the people: he, however, at last prevailed. They conducted the Prince to this mountain, and, summoning ingenious mechanics, took a pride in beautifying it for his habitation: hither I soon followed the Prince of my affections, and in this seclusion for eight years we have resided.

" ' We had not been ten months residents of the mountain when we were visited by a graceful youth, who requested to be admitted as a page, declaring that to dwell with a character so admirable as Calan's constituted his highest ambition. I introduced the young stranger to the Prince, imparting to him the request he had made.

" ' Calan received him with his accustomed sweetness; thanked him for his flattering opinion of him, but endeavoured to dissuade him from a plan so very unsuitable to his gay time of life. The youth, on this, shook his head, and fixing his eyes on the Prince, with an expression of tender reproach—" Do not refuse me, I entreat you," said he, in an emphatic manner, the colour of his cheek heightening while he spoke. Calan, looking tenderly on him—" You will think better of it in a little time, my child," said he. The youth fixed his eyes on the ground, and was silent. The

remainder of the day Prince Calan was absent and melancholy: he sighed often, and gazed frequently on the young stranger, but always turned away in emotion when their eyes met.

" ' When we retired for the night, " Agib," said he, " that handsome youth must not reside with us—you shall persuade him against it: to him it is only the indulgence of an idle whim; to me it would be a source of perpetual torment."

" " How, my Lord?" inquired I, surprized.

" " He is," answered the Prince, " almost the image of the woman I have from my earliest years adored; and it was to subdue my passion for her that I visited the vile Bahbac, who arrogantly pretended to instruct mankind in the command of the passions: yes, Agib, every feature of this stranger brings to my remembrance the angelic countenance of the Princess Zada, that most

celebrated beauty at the court of my father; that beauty who, uncorrupted by the flatterers who surround her, has rendered herself as conspicuous by the charms of her mind as by the graces of her fascinating figure;—his features are all turned like hers—he has her very actions, the same bewitching air, the same sweet manner of raising his eyes when spoken to—eyes which seem to sparkle with equal fire; like the glance of hers, they embarrass, they penetrate, they transfix. No, he must not, he shall not dwell with me. What folly would it be that I should thus waste the too-quickly flying hours of life in gazing on the figure of a handsome boy, to the utter exclusion of far more important reflections." I promised to talk with the young man, and left the Prince.

" "And why may not I reside here?" cried the youth, with a sweet impatience of voice and manner, when I advised his departure.

" " My Lord the Prince thinks," answered I, " that your youth will be lost here; that you cannot be happy thus immured from the world, and chained to solitude. Why, young man, should you desire it? why wish to fly from society, and bury yourself in the hollow of a gloomy mountain?"

" " Because," answered the youth, " Heaven smiles on the gloomy mountain—the virtues and Calan dwell within it."

" " Many virtues reside in the world," answered I; " and it is not virtue which leads youth to withdraw itself from society: youth is formed for active life."

" " You are young," returned the stranger, with quickness, " why do you seclude yourself?"

" " I! because I am the confident, the friend of Calan: I lived with him in prosperity—should I forsake him in adversity? He would think himself de-

serted, he would be unhappy were I to leave him."

" " Go," cried the youth, with animation, " go, enjoy that world which I am sick of, and from whence virtue and Calan are banished ; the Prince shall not miss you, I will be the friend and the confident of Calan in your stead."

" " But," I returned, " if it were the wish of the Prince that you should depart."

" " It is not his wish," answered he, " it cannot be ;" he cast his eyes on the ground, and added " for what harm can I do him ?"

" " He earnestly wishes it," said I, " and, that you may take no offence, I will tell you on what account. He sees in you the resemblance of a beloved mistress, and as he can never hope to possess her, he wishes to banish her remembrance from his mind ;—this, your remaining here would render impossible."

" ' While I spoke these words, the youth often changed colour; then, fixing his eyes on mine, " put him in mind of a beloved mistress," repeated he, " it is impossible!—who is this beloved mistress?"

" ' The celebrated beauty, the Princess Zada,' answered I; ' you are wonderfully like her; at this moment I perceive how much.—Have you never been told that you are so?'

" " I like Zada?" cried he, in confusion.—" And why did not he offer his hand to this beloved mistress?"

" ' How, with his figure,' replied I, ' could he hope to please a beauty for whom graceful and accomplished princes sighed in vain?'

" " Amiable Calan!" cried Zada, for it was herself, " behold, young man," she continued, with a tear rushing to her eye, " behold Zada, attracted by the virtues of Calan to the solitude of his banishment; disgusted with a court, where vices only flourish, with elegant forms

destitute of souls, with grandeur without peace, and courtiers without sincerity. I abandon all to follow the man whom virtue alone has exalted to the admiration of mankind. Tell the Prince I am here; that Zada has quitted the world, and rejected princes for him alone."

"'I flew with transport to Calan, while the beautiful Zada habited herself in a suit of female attire. I attempt not to describe the emotions of the Prince. I introduced the Princess Zada to him;—she raised not her eyes on Calan, but half averting her head, "Ah! Prince," cried she, "how will you reconcile this bold step with prudence?" Calan bathed her hand with his tears; he spoke of his respectful love—of his heart-felt gratitude; but conjured her to leave him to his misfortunes, nor ever to think of uniting her angelic perfections to a state so gloomy. Zada smiled when he spoke of love, but angrily withdrew her hand from

his when he pressed her departure :—at length, " unkind Calan," cried she, " you flatter by saying you love me, while you are driving me from you, driving me from the retreat of peace my heart has so long desired, to a wilderness of weeds, where nothing pleases me; but if I interrupt your meditations, and disturb your pursuits—if you really wish my absence, farewell—Zada will trouble you no more."

" " O, beloved of my soul !" cried the transported Prince, " how did I murmur, and charge heaven with having devoted my life to solitude and sorrow, while thou, too lovely, too amiable, wert meditating my happiness ; and dare I resign myself to joy ?—and may I cease to violate the dearest feelings of my heart, by urging thy departure from this mountain, which thy bright beauties have already transformed into a paradise of sweets. O, Zada, accept my love—the study of my life shall be to merit yours."

" ' The hands of the amiable pair were

in a few days united; they have since lived in the most perfect harmony—the tenderness of lovers still characterizes their behaviour to each other. Calan is all admiration, all attention—Zada all softness and tenderness. They honour me with their confidence, and peace dwells in the mountain. All who know Prince Calan adore him, and though here we are surrounded with banditti, the virtues of the Prince are our guards from every ill." Here the young man ceased, and our travellers having thanked him for the narration, retired to take a few hours repose.

"In the morning they were ushered into a handsome apartment. The Prince had not yet risen; but Zada, the most interesting female that had ever met the eyes of our travellers, surrounded by four lovely children, was waiting to receive them, She conversed with them on various subjects in the most affable manner. The door at length opened,

and Calan entered—it was the little deformed figure they had seen in the forest; but how different now were their emotions; the story they had heard of him cast a radiance round his form, and his benignant soul seemed to shine in his aspect—that aspect which had so lately appeared almost hideous. Impressed with shame, they knew not what to say, or how to look.—Palemon averted his head—Phylander and Dorantes threw themselves at the feet of the Prince, and in broken accents requested forgiveness, and expressed their acknowledgments. Calan saw, and pitied their confusion; he raised them from the ground, welcomed them to his abode, and kindly inquired into their concerns.

"While they were conversing, loud shouts of joy arrested their attention. Calan listened attentively, and Zada rose in alarm. The noise approached, and increased gradually till it reached the mountain, when Agib abruptly entered, his

countenance expressive of surprize and joy. He was about to speak, when a concourse of people rushing in cried—'Long live Calan the virtuous! the sovereign of the hearts of his people!' The brother of Calan was dead; one of his favourites had assassinated him; and in his last moments he had done justice to the character of his injured brother. Valmon had reigned like a tyrant, and his subjects rejoiced at his death. Calan and Zada bade adieu to the mountain, and were borne in triumph to the court, where their friends rushed forth to embrace and to welcome them; and where the enemies of the Prince, with abashed countenances, sought to hide their guilty heads in obscurity. Bahbac, hearing of these events, and dreading the vengeance of the new king, stabbed himself in the first emotions of his terror. Thus was the virtuous life of Calan rewarded; and thus was the unaspiring Prince restored to his subjects and his throne. Our tra-

vellers witnessed the coronation of Calan and Zada, after which they quitted the island of Cedars. Dorantes, as he sailed from the shore, repeating this short, but sensible exhortation—' Never ridicule any one's outward deformities: you know not what treasures they may possess within.'

" Their adventure with the Prince of the mountain was a lesson to them throughout life ; for when subjects, calculated to excite vulgar ridicule, came within their observation, they thought of Calan, and the spirit of derision died in their bosoms."

Here Mr. Halville ceased speaking, and a pause of silence ensued. At length,—" The design of your story is pretty apparent," cried Judith gravely ; " indeed, Mr. Halville, we should be without comprehension did we not perceive it:" and turning to her companions, with a forced laugh—" Come, Palemon

and Phylander," said she, "let us hasten to prostrate ourselves before the injured Calan."—Thus saying, all three arose, appearing by their manners equally offended with their reprover, who, however, seemed no way disconcerted at the effect of his story.

LETTER XVIII.

MRS. LOCHARDAN TO AMELIA.

Glamorganshire.

AND so there is already a courtship on foot. Well, truly, my dear young lady, you have been expeditious; but methinks I could almost wish the favoured object had been any other than the young gentleman who treated our poor inoffensive Thomas so roughly;—there is something in his venerable appearance which, I should think, would win the respect and good will of all who beheld him. Let me caution you, my

dear, amidst all your gaiety, not to be regardless of prudence, nor to enter into any solemn engagement without the approbation of your uncle, who claims alike your gratitude and duty.

The season smiles upon us, Miss Herman, yet it does not animate us with cheerfulness:—How indeed can it, while we perceive melancholy preying on the mind of the noble Sir Edward? Ah! that so generous a heart, which bleeds for the distresses of others, should be subject to a secret grief which consumes it. How independent of fortune is tranquillity of mind—oppressed by poverty, disease, and every appearance of wretchedness, I have seen peace and gaiety of heart.—These are the gifts of heaven, blessings which more than compensate for external hardships.

Thomas tells Sir Edward, you have become so much the fine lady that we should not know you, yet do not imitate their insincerities and affectation;

and, although you permit them to transform your person, suffer them not to corrupt your mind.

I have received your present of the snuff-box, which I shall set a high value on for your sake. Sir Edward is a few miles from home, as soon as he returns we shall offer him the ring. I dare say he will be pleased with your attention; but beware, my good child, of raffling, it may allure till, like a Jack o' the lanthorn, it precipitates you into difficulties from which you may find it no easy task to extricate yourself.

I conclude, with my best wishes,

Your sincere friend,

MARY LOCHARDAN.

LETTER XIX.

MRS. MELVILLE TO AMELIA.

Glamorganshire.

Dear Amelia,

IN what have you offended Sir Edward? Mrs. Lochardan and myself are equally at a loss to conjecture. The valuable presents you sent us came during the time he was from home; and as soon as he returned, I mentioned to him how fortunate you had been in raffling, and presented the ring, saying you had sent it as a small token of the regard you bore him, and hoped he would condescend to wear it sometimes for your sake. "Wear it for her sake!" repeated he, "no, never;"—then, as if checking himself from saying more, without accepting the ring, and with an air of anger, he withdrew, leaving Mrs. Lochardan and my-

self in much surprise and perplexity. In a few minutes he again returned.

"I hope Miss Herman has done nothing to offend you, Sir Edward?" said Mrs. Lochardan.

"Nothing," answered he with repulsive gravity.

Impossible, thought I; but I said only—"I am glad of it;" nor did Mrs. Lochardan inquire further. I know not what to conjecture on this strange refusal of your present—not once to say he was obliged by your attention; he who is so condescending, so cautious of hurting the feelings of any. I am convinced he thinks he has good reason to be offended, for he seemed to act by so resistless an impulse—I had almost said of indignation. Perhaps there may be some mistake, if so, it cannot be too soon explained. My dear Miss Herman deserves the ill opinion of no one; but of all others, I should lament her incurring that of Sir Edward Wybrow.

LETTER XX.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

I WAS much concerned on perusing your last ; yet the conduct of Sir Edward does not surprise me, it is just like that he displayed on my quitting Wales, and, mysterious as it may appear, proceeds wholly, I imagine, from some unkind opinion which he conceived at that time, and for which I am unconscious of having given any occasion. The sentiment of esteem and gratitude that induced my offering this trifle for his acceptance deserved not the contempt it has received. I know not how he may justify to his own mind the unkindness of this rejection, but I am sure there exists in reality nothing to excuse it. Can he be unrea-

sonable enough to resent on me Albert's thoughtless behaviour to Thomas? or perhaps I should have requested his permission to receive the addresses of Mr. Anselm, suspended as is my own consent till that of my uncle shall be obtained. I sincerely hope no cross accident may occur to put a stop to this delightful visit till the arrival of my uncle, and then I shall return no more to Wales. What pity it is that Sir Edward is of so strange and inconstant a disposition—either so agreeable and condescending, or so very much the reverse. I should indeed feel distressed in being again beneath his roof.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Lochardan, and tell her she does Albert injustice to conclude unfavourably of him, from the little circumstance where Thomas was concerned; whom, had he known as we do, he would, I am sure, have treated with the utmost kindness and respect. Mr. Anselm, as I have

already told you, is of a disposition the most amiable, but I regret to say, that he is so thoughtless as hardly to regard whether or not he appears so. Embrace your dear children for me, and tell them not to forget Amelia, who used to wander about the fields with them. How different the scenes by which I am now surrounded, where art yet endeavours to imitate the wild beauties you enjoy. Landscapes, in their gilded frames, are hanging around me, but you survey the living colours, whose glowing beauties vivify the inimitable picture of nature. We endeavour here to unite the charms of town and country, and have flowers blowing in the drawing room, and birds fluttering in their cages; they but remind me how much sweeter are the flowers in their native beds, and the song of the feathered warblers among the embowering trees.

LETTER XXI.

MRS. MELVILLE TO AMELIA.

Glamorganshire.

THE mystery of Sir Edward's conduct respecting you, my dear Amelia, is at length explained—hear in what manner.

Yesterday, in the afternoon, he called upon me: I was much struck with the embarrassment and irresolution of his air. "I have a question to ask you, Mrs. Melville," said he, "concerning Amelia;" his countenance betraying much agitation of mind while he spoke. "You correspond with her, I understand," he continued.

"I do, Sir Edward."

He paused, then added in a faultering voice, "Is it true, do you know that she is engaged to Mr. Anselm?"

"If her uncle approves, I believe she is," answered I.

"Ah! she then favours his addresses," said he earnestly.

"She does, Sir Edward. I believe her affections are entirely his."

"Entirely his!" repeated he, and all the colour forsook his cheek.

"Dear Sir Edward!" exclaimed I, much alarmed, "you are ill"—

He fixed his eyes on mine for a moment, with a look the most expressive. "I adore Amelia," said he fervently. Astonished beyond the power of concealing it, I pronounced involuntarily—"You amaze me, Sir Edward, it cannot be!"

"O, what a cruel fate is mine!" cried he in much emotion, "twice have I loved with sincerity, with ardour: once have I seen the beloved of my heart led to the altar by another; and again the same agonising destiny awaits me"—Grief here broke his utterance; he hid

his face in his handkerchief, and retired to the window.

I was too much affected and surprised for some moments to permit my speaking; at length, "Dear Sir Edward," said I, "Amelia is in perfect ignorance of your sentiments towards her."

"Alas! Mrs. Melville; what would her knowledge of them avail me?"

"Every thing, perhaps, Sir Edward," said I.

"I have no words, no hopes," he replied.

I could not forbear asking him if I should inform you of his sentiments; and be his advocate; when approaching, and taking my hand, "My kind Mrs. Melville," said he, "you will have no success!" his voice faultered, and he left me.

And now, Amelia, how shall I set about the task which I have thus imposed on myself—how plead for the noble Sir Ed

ward? Shall the kind consoler of every sorrow which presents itself to him be abandoned to despondency, where Amelia could relieve? Ten years have not worn out the impressions of his first disappointment; would you doom him to bury those of the second in the grave? O! what is young Anselm compared to Sir Edward? Your partiality, my dear Amelia, in this instance, may deceive your judgment; a small circumstance sometimes displays much of character, and I must say his conduct to old Thomas savoured more of the insensibility of Judith, than of that amiable consideration conspicuous, as you have told me, in Catherine, whom you say he so strongly resembles. Pardon me for adverting to this subject. May I suggest that, perhaps, a new beauty might console the lively Albert for your loss? but Sir Edward's wounded heart would admit of no consolation. Reflect seriously,

my dear Miss Herman, on the characters of each, and with which there seems the greatest probability of your being lastingly happy.

LETTER XXII.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

How great was my astonishment, Mrs. Melville, on the perusal of your last. Is it indeed possible that Sir Edward entertains for me sentiments such as those you mention? I both esteem and respect him, but never, even were my heart disengaged, could I confide in him; yet your letter affected, almost as much as it surprised, me. Would to heaven it were in my power to restore Sir Edward to tranquility! but, believe me, it is not. My heart is wholly Albert's, composed as he is of virtues and imperfections—of beauties and defects.

Forgive me, Mrs. Melville, when I express my wonder at your having mentioned Albert in the manner you have done, merely to raise Sir Edward's character by the comparison. Is that trifling affair of Thomas never to be forgotten? Mr. Anselm, although of a less thoughtful turn than Sir Edward, is far from the insensible being you seem to imagine. As Sir Edward knew your intention of making me acquainted with his sentiments in my favour, may it not be more respectful to write to himself, than to send my determination for you to impart? It grieves me to be under the necessity of giving pain to so amiable a heart; but, indeed, Mrs. Melville, Albert is equally, nay he is infinitely more, amiable. You do not know him; if you did, I am convinced he would soon banish all your prejudices. The inclosed I leave open for your inspection; if you approve of it, be so kind as to seal and deliver it to Sir Edward.

" Honoured Sir,

" The sentiments which you have professed in my favour do me too much honour. Alas! it is an honour of which I am unworthy, as I cannot meet them with a mutual return; my esteem and gratitude will be ever your's, but, if my uncle should approve, I am indeed engaged to Mr. Anselm. Permit me to assure you anew of the grateful sentiments I feel on every remembrance of your kindness towards me. Accept my sincere wishes for your happiness, and believe me, with much respect,

" Your obliged

" AMELIA HERMAN."

" *To Sir Edward Wybrow.*"

LETTER XXIII.

MRS. MELVILLE TO AMELIA.

Glamorganshire.

PARDON me, my dear Miss Herman, for any unkind reflections I may have made against Mr. Anselm; my zeal for Sir Edward misled me. The youth and more animated manners of him you prefer fully justify your choice; nor are the affections to be commanded. Aware of this, yet how does my heart pity Sir Edward. I read in his expressive features, the emotions of his mind at every mention of your name; nor can I help shedding the unavailing tear as reflection paints his endearing virtues, rendered even more interesting by the too refined sensibility with which they are accompanied, yet (and you must not be offended,

Amelia) I reflect not on Sir Edward's affection for you without surprise: your residence here so short, your deportment in his presence so reserved; and his character, ever distinguished for deliberation in determining, little affected by the glitter of externals, hard to engage, and as difficult to wean from an attachment once formed.

Indeed, Amelia, you enlivened us all by your presence, for Sir Edward was transformed from melancholy to cheerfulness; but, alas! only to fall into deeper despondency when deprived of you; and how can we but sympathize in the feelings of him, either in joy or sorrow, who is the friend and benefactor of all around him. "Ah, mamma," said my little Anna this morning, "Sir Edward never plays with William and me since Miss Herman went to London." But why should I dwell on a theme that cannot be pleasing to you;—forgive what I have said, nor will I offend again

by thus enlarging. To know our own power, and to find that our regard is necessary to the peace of another, can only give pleasure when we are enabled to return such a preference; but when this is not in our power, pity obtrudes only to distress us.

LETTER XXIV.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Devonshire Place.

O Mrs. Melville! the wheel of my fortune has turned: I am no longer rich—no longer a reputed heiress. O Fortune! who should rely on thy flattering promises? Letters from India to Mr. Montreal, the correspondent of my uncle, contain the account of his death, after an illness of only three days, and that but a fortnight previous to his dissolution he had contracted an intimacy with a woman of infamous character, to whom he has been induced to bequeath all that he possessed. Although I have never beheld my uncle, yet I had been taught to esteem and honour him. Alas! in him

I have lost a friend: his riches were his own, nor was he bound to bestow them on me; yet how sensibly am I affected by this severe stroke. O Mrs. Melville! the indignation of my heart wants vent: I would not, could not have believed it. Mrs. Anselm has shewn herself the most deceitful, the most unfeeling of women. Alas! I should not have repined, nor exclaimed against fortune, under the mere deprivation of those expectations I have been so long indulging, had it not robbed me of the esteem of Albert's family. No; I had then consoled myself by saying—the man my heart approves, and the beloved family into which he will introduce me, love me for myself alone! But now I dread to think——they will unite all their powers in persuading Albert to relinquish me. O Heaven! the bare possibility that they may prevail overwhelms my heart—he knows not how dear he is to me!

When I had read Mr. Montreal's let-

ter, trembling beneath a presage of I knew not what, I entered the room where Mrs. Anselm was dressing to go to the theatre. I advanced towards her, and putting the letter into her hand, without speaking, sat down. "What has happened, my dear girl?" cried she, with much apparent kindness. "I fear you have received ill news. Surely," continued she, looking at the seal, "the good Sir Edward is not dead!" I returned no answer, and she proceeded to peruse the letter.

My own emotion did not prevent my observing hers during its perusal. I perceived the concern in her countenance, and flattered myself it was in a great measure on my account—alas! I was soon undeceived.

"Indeed," said she, on concluding it, "your uncle's conduct has been very extraordinary;" and again she resumed the business of her toilet. A pause now ensued. "Ah!" thought I, "cruel

Mrs. Anselm!—not one sympathetic word—not one kind assurance of friendship!" My heart acknowledged the change, and I could not restrain my tears.

"Do not be dispirited, Amelia," said she, in the coldest manner. "I am very much concerned on your account; but you must endeavour to submit your mind to this reverse of fortune." With these words, having completed her dress, she withdrew. I immediately retired to my own apartment, from whence I sent down an apology for not accompanying them to the theatre. During their absence, the amiable Julia displayed a sympathy and kindness towards me which my heart will ever acknowledge. It is in the school of adversity only that we learn to feel, and there has Miss Wyart been instructed.

When returned from the play, Mrs. Anselm, Albert, Judith, and Catherine, sat conversing a considerable time in the par-

lour—supper waited for them till nearly cold: they at length entered; nor was there one among them who appeared unruffled. Well did I guess on what they had been thus closely engaged. Mrs. Anselm apologised to Julia and myself for keeping us waiting: she addressed me by the name of Miss Herman—Miss Herman from the lips of Mrs. Anselm! Ah! how new to my ear!

We supped almost in silence, while (Julia's excepted) the countenance of Catherine alone expressed sympathy towards me. Albert's brow was bent in displeasure, nor did he look or speak to any. As I witnessed their altered aspects, my heart swelled with grief, and tears, which I could not restrain, streamed from my eyes. I arose abruptly from the table, to withdraw, but Catherine caught my hand. "Dear Amelia," said she, "why so much distressed?" Albert then arose, and taking my other hand—"My dearest, my only love! why thus

affected?" cried he, with an ardour that at once dispelled all my fears. I glanced on Mrs. Anselm, who was regarding us with a countenance of anger, and drawing my hand from Albert's, instantly retired.

I had not been long in my chamber before Catherine and Judith entered.—Catherine endeavoured to console me, but her tongue faultered; for, alas! what could she say? She could not tell me I was regarded with the same eyes as formerly—alas! she knew the attraction which procured esteem was gone, and that I had every thing to apprehend from the influence of Mrs. Anselm on the mind of Albert. Judith was present, or I had in some degree given vent to the feelings of my heart. To-morrow will perhaps shew Mrs. Anselm still plainer.—O Mrs. Melville! what reflections are mine! to be treated with such unkindness in the family of Albert—the family I would have wished to love above all

others!—ah! you know not the distress I suffer.

IN CONTINUATION.

Yes, to-day has indeed proved, beyond a doubt, the real character of Mrs. Anselm. Alas! I have no longer fortune to blind my eyes.—O Poverty! what an instructor art thou!—As soon as breakfast was over, on a motion from their mother, Catherine and Judith retired, and, after a short silence, Mrs. Anselm thus addressed me:

"Though interested motives, Miss Herman, unaccompanied by other inducements, would be beneath the consideration of Mr. Anselm and myself, in selecting a partner for our son, yet you must yourself know that something is required to maintain an appearance and rank in life, especially for those who, like Albert, have little more than a bare competency. Pardon me, my dear,

when I say, that amid your many good qualities, I have observed in you a freedom in expending money, nearly amounting to extravagance : this propensity would require something considerable to support it, and the fortune of Albert would, I am assured, be inadequate to the demand." Mrs. Anselm here paused, but my heart was too full for reply.

" Were you destitute of friends," resumed she, untouched by my visible emotion, " my house should still be your home; but Sir Edward Wybrow will, I make no doubt, receive you for the present, and assist you with his advice." I could not utter a word, and, after remaining some time in silence, left the room.

Catherine and Judith, a moment after, entered the apartment to which I had retired, and where my feelings, too violent for suppression, found vent in tears. " I am going to quit you," cried I, at length;

" the charm which attracted favour has vanished. Amelia, the rich heiress, was caressed and flattered—Amelia, the disappointed orphan, is rejected and despised!"

" Ungrateful Miss Herman!" exclaimed Judith. " Is this your sense of all our kindness to you?"

" Forgive me, Judith," cried I.—" Alas! perhaps you are all justified; but alike disappointed in fortune, love, and friendship, I scarce know what I say: forgive the hasty expressions of a heart smarting beneath the pangs of so severe a fate."

" Judith," cried Catherine, " how can you upbraid at such a time as this?"

" I will not hear mamma reflected against," returned she; " nor do I think Miss Herman's disappointment excuse sufficient for such false insinuations." She was proceeding in the same strain when Catherine, advancing towards me, kindly

entreated that I would not thus distress myself with apprehensions of a fate from which the sincerity of her brother would certainly save me.

"Never," cried I, "never, Catherine, will I make one in the family of Mrs. Anselm: the offer made by your brother, under other circumstances, must now be forgotten; he shall not disappoint the expectations of a parent, who centers all her hopes in his aggrandizement. No, he will easily yield to your wishes, and forsake her whom fortune has forsaken." Judith surveyed us for a moment with a look of displeasure, and then withdrew.

I now imparted to Catherine what Mrs. Anselm had said to me, at which she expressed no surprise. "On this you may rely, Amelia," said she, "that the heart of my brother is unalienably yours: he said, in the presence of us all, that no consideration should ever induce him to forsake you; that his happiness was wholly dependent on your love." — O! Mrs.

Melville, how was my heart revived by hearing this!

Under my present circumstances, and with such an intimation to quit her house as Mrs. Anselm has given me, I could not think of remaining longer in it: I have therefore sent my maid to seek a lodging for me. I must give a few days to reflection, and to determine on some mode of procuring my own subsistence.

IN CONTINUATION.

I last night quitted the house of Mrs. Anselm, and am now, with my maid, at a small lodging. O! if Mr. Anselm had been here, would he have permitted this? I am glad he is not. Alas! I should have furnished ground for too much uneasiness.

"What is this you are doing, Miss Herman?" said the kind Julia, when my

maid informed me she had hired a lodging: "you cannot even suppose Mrs. Anselm will suffer you to go—indeed she will not."

I however prepared myself to depart, and Mrs. Anselm, who silently regarded all that passed, was no stranger to my intention: one would have thought I had offended most grossly. Alas! she was but endeavouring to make me an offender. No inquiries whither I was going were made by her; no liberty to stay even another night was given. I was indignant at her conduct; and, designing not to bid her farewell, remained in my own chamber till the moment of my departure—till the hackney coach was waiting to carry me from her inhospitable door. O what were my reflections!—but I forbear attempting to describe them. As I passed down stairs, followed by Catherine and Julia, tender recollections filled my eyes with tears: I embraced them both, and proceeded to the

street-door, when Mrs. Anselm herself appeared from the parlour.

"Miss Herman," said she, "you are your own mistress, and must therefore act in the manner you think best—no one here has a right to controul you."

"I am of too little consequence, Madam," returned I, "to have any one who would wish to controul me."

"Indeed you act very strangely, Miss Herman," said she, "and, I must say, have discovered a disposition which I could not have believed you possessed of."

"Alas! Mrs. Anselm," cried I, "sudden adversity is difficult to bear, especially when aggravated by the altered aspect of those we thought indulgent friends."

"The resentment you are thus shewing is ill-judged," she returned, "and I must declare myself equally surprised and concerned at your conduct: you will, I both hope and suppose, go imme-

diately to Wales. I wish you well, Amelia." Thus speaking, she offered me her hand. I recollected she was the mother of Albert, or I should have rejected it. O how my indignation rose against her!

At this moment Albert rushed from the room: I was in the utmost embarrassment, and moved towards the coach; but, regardless of the presence of his mother, he advanced, and throwing his arm around me—"My love! my angel!" exclaimed he, passionately, "you know not the distress I suffer in witnessing all this." The assurance of his love flashed delight on my heart; nor could I forbear returning the soft pressure of his hand, as he assisted me into the coach. "O beloved Amelia!" he whispered—"and must you quit us thus? and dare not I prevent it?"

As the coach drove from Mrs. Anselm's door, what reflections were mine! I could scarcely believe but that the

whole was a dream. The affection of Albert, who so well justifies the opinion I have uniformly held of him, alone supports my heart: silent in my new apartment, I give vent to the sorrows which oppress me. To be thus disappointed in the family of Albert—to feel them justly sink in my estimation, and to discover that I was indebted not to merit but to wealth for attentions so flattering—how humiliating the thought! O Mrs. Anselm! and is this your boasted maternal affection? Alas! from how flattering, how deceitful an illusion am I awakened!

IN CONTINUATION.

Two days have passed by without having had recourse to my pen. My mind is in much perplexity, and I reflect till I am wearied of reflection. Alas! what am I doing here, with an attendant to wait on me? I who, wholly without

means of support, ought to be attending on others. I ought to seek a situation as companion to some lady of respectability: one only consideration withholds me, which to my dear Mrs. Melville I may reveal—the possibility—O could I say the probability, of ever being Albert's. For his sake, respectful to myself, I hesitate; yet could I have believed that two days would have been suffered to elapse without my either hearing from, or seeing him? The lingering, unemployed hours nurse my fears, and my spirits, exhausted by unavailing conjecture, sink into despondency. Vain Amelia! how often hast thou proudly imagined that merit, superior merit, procured thee general favour! Alas! thou art now undeceived: all are silent to thee; no one visits, no one condoles with thee! How very lately, had I complained of dejection of spirits, all around me would have been proposing methods to exhilarate them; yet none are solicitous to

learn how I am affected by the loss of those high expectations which procured me all their attentions.

I write to you, my dear Mrs. Melville, to give vent, in some degree, to the bitterness of my feelings, but without any design of immediately dispatching my letter. The humanity of Sir Edward would be awakened, did he know the reverse I have experienced, and the difficulties that surround me. Alas! how could I now receive his kindness?

LETTER XXV.

JULIA TO MRS. CLIFTON.

Devonshire Place

THE sympathy I feel in contemplating a situation (I had almost said exactly) similar to my own, detaches my thoughts in some degree from those sorrows which have lately formed the sole subject of my letters to you. Miss Herman, whom but in my last letter I mentioned as highly favoured by Fortune, has been, alas! only her sport; her expectations have suddenly been destroyed, and with them she has lost all that rendered her desirable in the eyes of Mrs. Anselm. The wealth of this young lady was dependent on the will of a rich uncle, who had been for many years in India: he

was on the point of returning to England, when his design was prevented by an affection he conceived for a woman of bad character, but insinuating manners, and whose view to his fortune appears pretty apparent, as she contrived, during an acquaintance of only a few days, to procure the settlement of his whole possessions upon herself. Hardly was this accomplished, ere Mr. Herman contracted a malignant fever, which in a short time terminated his existence; and thus his niece is cut off from all her hopes of fortune.

Notwithstanding a natural liveliness of temper which she possesses, Miss Herman has yet much discernment, and was not without apprehension of the consequences in making known to Mrs. Anselm what had happened: her fears were, alas! but too well grounded.—Mrs. Anselm may truly be said to have withdrawn her favour in a moment; she appeared to consider it hardly necessary

to behave with common decency towards her. I suppose that had not Miss Herman been engaged to Albert, she might have shewn her some little sympathy, as she would then have had no fear of suffering from her poverty; but the circumstances of his attachment, which was before a source of so much pleasure, now filled her mind with vexation and alarm. The behaviour of Mrs. Anselm was indeed such as awakened in the bosom of Miss Herman the deepest sorrow and resentment; and the next day she procured lodgings, to which she instantly repaired. Mrs. Anselm cannot now justify herself to any one, without aspersing the character of Miss Herman, and, industrious both in the arts of invention and misconstruction, she will hardly fail through want of materials.

Never have I been more indignant at the hearing of scandal, or more gratified in seeing it checked, than yesterday evening. Company were present, and

Miss Herman soon became the theme of conversation. Mrs. Anselm, after expressing much compassion at what had befallen her, condemned her uncle for raising hopes he was so likely to disappoint: she then mentioned her spirit, which could not, she said, brook obligation, and had induced her to take offence at a little friendly advice which she had given, and, in resentment at which, she declared it was, that Miss Herman had abruptly left her house. "And she has also, I understand," continued Mrs. Anselm, "so much offended Sir Edward Wybrow, the gentleman who acted as her guardian, that she hesitates in applying to him under her present difficulty: indeed it is doubtful whether he would again receive her."

Here the falsest insinuations were thrown out against her, so that to strangers she must have appeared a character at once ignorant, conceited, and ungrateful in the highest degree; nor did

some present fail to intimate that her uncle had most probably good reason for altering his designs respecting her. At length, an old gentleman, one of the company, who had been silently listening to the conversation, requested permission to give his opinion of the young lady under consideration. He then took from his pocket-book a slip of blank paper, on which having written, he presented it, with a smile, to Catherine.—"Here," said he, "if you explain this, you will discover what I think her."—Catherine took the paper, and read aloud—

"My first is rare—alas! how rare!
My second illness makes us;
My whole we almost always are,
When poverty o'ertakes us."

The company endeavoured to explain it, but without success, and it was given up.

"What," said the old gentleman, "is more rare than friend? and illness, in wearing us away, consequently makes us less: what then are we when overtaken by poverty?"

"Friendless—friendless!" murmured several at once, while the proposer of the question looked at Mrs. Anselm and one or two more of the company who had joined in reflections injurious to Miss Herman, and seemed highly gratified with the embarrassment expressed in their countenances.

This gentleman has ever been disliked by Mrs. Anselm, on account of a certain bluntness in his manner; but he is my uncle's friend. Ah! what would my uncle say, did he know the injustice and cruelty which Miss Herman has met with here! Alas! when the news of what has taken place shall reach him, I fear every circumstance will appear in colours so false as to mislead his judgment to the prejudice of the injured party.

Lately courted on all sides, the delightful scenes of fairy-land danced before Miss Herman; all to her must have worn the appearance of affection and sincerity: at length misfortune strikes with magic wand, and the revolution is sudden as the transformations of an harlequin.

LETTER XXVI.

AMELIA TO MRS. MELVILLE.

Hanway Street.

SURELY Misfortune has now done her utmost. O Mrs. Melville! I could have smiled in scorn at the insincerity of all others, but the baseness of Albert overwhelms my heart;—read the cruel letter he has just now sent me.

"Charming Amelia!

"Why did Fortune cheat with her flatteries the divine Miss Herman? Yet still, my adored, you have it in your power to disappoint her malice: beauty such as you possess requires not the aid of wealth; your pleasures would be secure, dependent but on love. Ah! how

does my heart covet the dear privilege of indemnifying my Amelia for the injuries done her by deceitful Fortune! With what transport would I at this moment offer you my hand (my heart you have long been in possession of), but, alas! I cannot, without at once breaking terms with all my connections, so sordid are the motives which govern them: yet well do I know that the mind of my Amelia disdains vulgar prejudices, and scorns to be fettered in those shackles capable only of enslaving common souls. I wish you to be happy, and I wish for ever to watch over—to be instrumental in conferring that happiness. Accept then, I conjure you, of a heart which beats for you alone; and O how securely may you rely on the love and constancy of

"Your devoted and adoring

"ALBERT ANSELM."

"P. S. I am on the rack of impatience till I receive your answer, which I

promise myself will be kind as you are lovely!"

Inhuman Albert! oppressed as I already was, with disappointment and sorrow, had he possessed one feeling of compassion, he would have spared me at such a moment. Here is a copy of my reply to him, which expresses but faintly the indignation I feel.

"Sir,

"With the utmost astonishment did I peruse an extraordinary letter which I could with difficulty persuade myself was really yours. Although my fortune is reversed, my heart remains the same, nor hesitates a moment in pronouncing its sentiments on your infamous design. Had you the wealth of empires, I would not now accept you as an husband.—Reflect not, Mr. Anselm, against the sordid maxims by which the conduct of your connections are directed, while you

are yourself actuated by others still more villainous. I inclose herein your letter, and assure you that any future attentions you might be induced to offer would be regarded as insults by

"AMELIA HERMAN."

Alas! Mrs. Melville, into what a cruel situation am I plunged! thus, overwhelmed with disappointment, grief, and mortification, I throw down my pen, to yield my heart to the bitterness of unavailing sorrow.

IN CONTINUATION.

When in some degree recovered from the extreme of grief into which Albert's letter had thrown me, I first began seriously to consider my destitute condition. The result of my reflections was a determination to put an advertisement in the newspaper, for the purpose of obtaining a situation as companion to some lady

about to quit the kingdom. At present my impoverished circumstances, conspicuous even to the eye of strangers, render my character suspicious, and already do I begin to feel the difficulties attending indigence. Never dreaming of this disappointment in my expectations, I freely expended the sum with which Sir Edward kindly furnished me on my quitting Wales, and for which I am now indebted to him. I was considered an heiress, and blushed to appear parsimonious. Mrs. Anselm, who now condemns me as extravagant, would then good naturedly rally me on my prudence. Alas! would I had been really prudent; the demands of milliners and habit-makers had not so considerably added to my other troubles as they have done this morning. From the house of Mrs. Anselm these creditors were directed hither, and so clamorous were they, so determined not to quit the door without their rights, that I was under the necessity of

sending my maid out to procure money on my jewels to satisfy them. How are they too altered with my altered fortune; till this moment I had found it difficult to press them to receive their own, so accommodating were they; but surely I must justify them, who have doubtless heard accounts calculated only to alarm their fears.—I am interrupted—a young lady is waiting for me; it can be no other but Catherine. Ah! she knows not of her brother's baseness.

IN CONTINUATION.

No, Mrs. Melville, I was mistaken; the footsteps of Catherine visit not the abodes of wretchedness:—it was Miss Wyart who called upon me:—kind sympathetic Julia. Ah! if sympathy and kindness could have assuaged my sorrows, or if to impart my griefs could have relieved them, I had been now in some degree consoled; but alas! they

again recur in all their force, depriving me of the necessary spirit to determine on those measures which my situation so pressingly demands. Ah! why cannot I rouse myself from this stupor of grief into which I am fallen?

Miss Wyart has acted towards me with the utmost kindness, and has mentioned a Mrs. Clifton, who keeps a seminary for young ladies in Berkshire. She offers to write to her in my behalf, hoping that if she cannot herself receive me, she may be able to recommend me to some one who can. Now that, by my own sad experience, I have learned the characters of Mrs. Anselm and her family, Miss Wyart has cast off her former reserve in speaking of them. Amiable and interesting Julia! what must she not suffer dependant thus upon them? O, how changed are my sentiments with regard to this family (even including Catherine) from those with which I entered the house of Mr. An-

selm; warm in my affections to them all, and romantic in my ideas of love and friendship. The silence of Catherine, since my leaving Devonshire Place, indeed surprised me; yet, for I should not have desired that, for my sake, she should incur the displeasure of her mother, she has done right. Complying friendship, accommodating love, that could thus yield to circumstances, and so easily forsake; O, are ye worth lamenting as I lament you? Deserted, forsaken! on what shall I now rest my hopes? All the sweet expectations, over which my fancy hung enamoured, dispersed: my heart sinks into the deepest despondency.

IN CONTINUATION.

I had been wondering, for some days, that I had neither seen nor heard any thing of Thomas, when, this morning, he appeared, but pale and much enfee-

bled, as if from sickness. "Alas! Thomas," said I, advancing towards him, "I fear you have been very ill."

"I have indeed, Miss Amelia," returned he, "I have been so ill that I never expected to be abroad again."

"Do sit down, Thomas," said I. "Alas! you ought to have been in Wales; how much must you have required the attendance you would have met with there."

Without replying to me he sat down, and appeared to survey my apartment with surprise. "I hope, Miss Herman," said he, "what I have heard, at Mr. Anselm's, of your uncle's death, is not true."

"Yes, Thomas," answered I, "it is indeed but too true; my bright expectations are dissolved, and all my friends have vanished with them." I drew out my handkerchief, and yielded to the emotions of my heart. The good old man was affected: he arose, and coming towards me, "Do not distress yourself

so, dear Miss Amelia," said he, "indeed this is a world of affliction that we live in, but you are young, and happier days may yet await you. Ah! why," he continued, observing my encreased emotion, "why are you in so much sorrow? If the fine people in London can forsake you when you are in trouble, my noble master in Wales will be a thousand times more your friend, now that you need his friendship."

"I entreat you, Thomas," said I, "not to say a word about me to Sir Edward."

"O, why not? Why not, Miss Amelia?" he replied, "Sir Edward is so good, he would be a father to you; and even if you should have acted wrong, he well knows you are not the first who has been drawn into extravagant ways here; he knows there are so many temptations, so many sights to be seen in London, that I am sure he could not be angry

with you. Besides, I dare not obey you, Miss Amelia, for if I did, Sir Edward would never forgive me."

As the kind Thomas thus spoke, my hatter, to whom I owed three pounds, for a purchase made only a week previous to my quitting Mrs. Anselm's, became clamorous at the door for payment. I had it not in my power to satisfy him, and Thomas, witnessing my perplexity, took from his pocket a leather bag:— "Would you condescend to make use of this money? Miss Herman," said he.

"You distress me, Thomas, by your kindness," I replied; "I would not for the world. Alas! I might never be able to repay you."

"That I am sure would give me concern only on your account," said he, turning out the contents (which were several guineas) on the table: he then abruptly quitted the apartment, leaving me much affected by the kind sympathy he had manifested towards me.

IN CONTINUATION.

O, Mrs. Melville, my heart still beats with violence, and hardly can my trembling hand direct the pen. This morning, while sitting in my apartment, almost lost in sorrowful reflections, judge my surprise, my confusion, on seeing Sir Edward Wybrow enter. "Good heaven! Miss Herman," said he, "Is it possible that, to the disgrace of Mrs. Anselm's family, I behold you alone in an obscure lodging?"

I lifted up my eyes for a moment, and met his fixed upon me, with a look the most penetrating. Seating himself by my side—"How am I to account for all this? continued he, in a voice the most tender: "What is the matter, what has happened?

"Surely you know, Sir Edward; you must have heard."

"I know of nothing, Amelia," returned he, "that can account for this

change. Surprised by your silence, and having some business here, I left Wales, and am but just arrived; Thomas is the only person I have seen."

"Alas," cried I, "Thomas could have told you all."

"He informed me, indeed," said Sir Edward, "of your uncle's death, and of his having left his fortune to another, but could not tell the occasion of your quitting Mrs. Anselm's, or your reason for enjoining silence on him respecting your affairs." Here he paused a few moments, regarding me with an attention the most embarrassing. "Amelia," said he, at length, "did your friends in Wales deserve so utter a want of confidence?" Again he was silent; then added, faulteringly, "Even though I may have forfeited your esteem,—may have incurred your displeasure, surely some regard was due to the friendship of Mrs. Lochardan and Mrs. Melville."

I felt how ungrateful I had been, but

wanted power to speak. Sir Edward saw, and, I believe, pitied my confusion, and leaning towards me, with a voice of increased tenderness, "Honour me with your confidence, Miss Herman," said he. "Why have you left Mrs. Anselm's? Why are you here? Can Mr. Anselm, so honoured, so blessed"—he hesitated, and was silent.

I could not restrain my feelings, but hid my face, and yielded freely to their indulgence.

"Forgive me, I entreat you, Amelia," cried he, "I designed not to awaken sorrows."

"O, Sir Edward," I exclaimed, "indeed you are too good; it is your goodness which affects me."

A long silence now ensued, which was at length broken by Sir Edward. "I inquire not into your affairs, Amelia," said he, "with the impertinent curiosity of censorious minds; I ask with the interest of a friend; I would clear you

from embarrassment, and save you from the dangers which, in this scene of vice and folly, await the young and inexperienced."

"O, Sir Edward," cried I, "what claim have I on your kindness?"

"I will shew you," he replied, "and you shall yourself acknowledge the claim you have."

I looked at him with surprise and expectation while, drawing out his pocket book, from which taking a letter, he thus read:

"I have experienced, my dear Sir Edward, too many vicissitudes of fortune, entirely to rely on her fairest promises. Accidents may occur to disappoint my daughter's expectations from her uncle's favour: his mind is very variable, and, as you once observed to me, apparently wholly governed by caprice; generally occupied by one favourite design, he sacrifices every consideration to it till, in its turn, it is abandoned for

another. His professions towards Amelia are, I am persuaded, at the present moment sincere, yet it is not impossible that some newer project may succeed. You, Sir Edward, who are so well acquainted with the late events of my life, know also I have grounds for fearing this. I am now dying, and to whom can I leave my child? who will direct her inexperienced footsteps? Alas! so embarrassed are my circumstances, I fear there will not be any thing remaining for her. May I then call on your long tried friendship? may I entreat you will receive my unprotected daughter? And O, in the event of any disappointment, be you her protector and her father."

How was my heart affected by the idea of my beloved parent introduced at such a moment. We both continued silent for a few minutes; at length Sir Edward exclaimed, "And will you still withhold your confidence, Amelia?" I essayed to speak, but the effort was un-

availing. Encircling me with his arm, "Ah, why so much affected?" cried he: "Amelia, let me be your friend, and forget, I entreat you, that ever I desired a more endearing title." I raised my eyes involuntarily, and meeting the expression of his, to escape their penetrating power, hid my face against his shoulder: the tender pressure of his arm awakened me to a sense of the indiscreet freedom I had taken, and I immediately disengaged myself.

"You admit then, Amelia, that I am authorised to make these inquiries, and you will confide in me," said Sir Edward.

I endeavoured to collect myself, designing to tell him all that had occurred, except what related to Albert, but my confusion was so apparent that he kindly told me not to distress myself with explanations, which any future time could be as conveniently given.

"O, no, Sir Edward," cried I, reco-

vering some degree of composure, "I have very little to say; I can only tell you what you already know, that my uncle is indeed no more, and that he has left his fortune to a stranger."

"And does this accouut for my seeing you here, Amelia?" inquired he.

"Alas! yes," I replied, "with my high expectations all my friends have vanished. Mrs. Anselm is but a friend in sunshine; and those who flattered me in prosperity have now forsaken me."

"Still do you leave much to my conjecture," said Sir Edward, regarding me intently; "indeed, Amelia, your being in these lodgings still remains a mystery to me."

I then imparted to him the sudden alteration of Mrs. Anselm's manners towards me, with every mortifying particular, but what related to her son, whom I had not courage to mention. He, however, I believe, now comprehended the true cause on which the treat-

ment I had received chiefly hinged; but, unsatisfied respecting the sincerity of Albert, I could perceive in his hesitations, that delicacy alone prevented his inquiries. At length, "And do you design," said he, "to continue in these lodgings?"

I looked on the ground—"I have no means of remaining in them," said I.

"And yet," continued he, "you could not, I dare say, quit London."

"Indeed," cried I, averting my head in much confusion, "there is not one here I should regret to leave."

Sir Edward was silent for some moments; then, taking my hand, "Be not discouraged, Miss Herman," said he, "nor, because your change of circumstances has unmasked falsehood, conclude all alike insincere, and thence contemplate the world with disgust. Let the frowns of fortune be your instructors, nor regret too deeply the loss

of favour which her smile alone procured you."

While he was speaking, my maid opened the door to inform me that Thomas was below; which bringing his kindness to my remembrance, I gave an account of it to Sir Edward. A tear of sensibility glistened in his eye as the old man entered.

"My good Thomas," said he, "I shall remember the kindness you have shewn Miss Herman, as if done to myself."

Thomas looked confused, but denied having assisted me.

"O, yes, you have, Thomas," cried I, "but you did not stay to receive my thanks."

I then went towards him, and offered my hand, which the good old man took, and pressed affectionately in his:—"Sweet young lady," said he, "what a mercy it is you are poor."

Sir Edward smiled, "Why so, Thomas; why a mercy that she is poor?"

"The great folks hereabout, your honour, would have ruined her, and that, I am sure, would be a great pity."

"A thousand pities, Thomas," said Sir Edward earnestly, and gazing tenderly upon me.

O, Mrs. Melville, never did Sir Edward appear so amiable to me as on this morning. How could I ever have preferred Albert to him?—frivolity to sense, forward gallantry to sincere affection. O, Albert; the first pangs of disappointment over, thy baseness alienates my affections from thee, and banishes from my heart thy perfidious image.

Sir Edward had not been gone an hour, when Thomas brought me a letter from him, inclosing a note more than sufficient to answer all my wants. How kind to spare me the embarrassment of receiving it from his own hand: he entreats that I would, without reserve, make him ac-

quainted with all my necessities. I should be ungrateful, indeed, were not my heart penetrated with his goodness.

IN CONTINUATION.

My own sorrows dispersed, I am again awakened to sympathise in those of the hapless Julia, who this morning called upon me I informed her what had taken place, and cannot but feel grateful for the sincere pleasure her countenance expressed; but while I was enlarging on my grateful feelings, and the tenderness of Sir Edward, I was suddenly checked by the melancholy that overspread her features, and the tears that started to her eye. Ah, what a fate is her's! Halville is, indeed, the object of her affection, yet, blinded by infatuating love, he wants discernment to see her virtues. Could he but be sensible of the true character of the odious Jacob, and read in the eyes of Julia her worth and

her love. I cannot restore the peace of Julia, but may alleviate her sorrows; and I please myself with the idea that, at some future time, perhaps not very distant, I may be able to express, by other means than words, the sympathy and regard I feel towards her. I shall now close my long letter, and send it to you. Give my kindest love to Mrs. Lochardan, and embrace your dear children for me.

LETTER XXVII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Hanway-Street.

WE shall soon, Mrs. Melville, again embrace each other. I am to accompany Sir Edward to Wales; there in the friendly cottage, there in your dear society, to forget my sorrows. Every time I see Sir Edward does he gain upon my heart. In the family of Mrs. Anselm I conversed with much polite company, but none so polite, none so accomplished as Sir Edward. Diffident, unconscious of his power, he dreams not how much my heart approves him; how delicate are his attentions, how guarded his remarks; possessed of the most tender feelings, in how cautious a manner does he avoid wounding those of others.

Last night, in a box at the play, opposite to us, sat Mrs. Anselm and Catherine, with a considerable party, most of whom were well known to me. I was soon distinguished by them; and, to my surprise, even Mrs. Anselm smiled and bowed towards me. O, fashionable insincerity! I felt proud in the protection of Sir Edward.

While we were at breakfast this morning, Thomas came in with a message for his master, which when he had delivered, "I just now met with Mrs. Anselm's footman," said he, "and only guess what a strange report some of them have raised."

"Indeed I cannot," said Sir Edward, "what is it, Thomas?"

"Why," answered he, "Mrs. Anselm saw your Honour with Miss Amelia at the play, and from that they conclude you are married to her."

I felt much confused as Thomas spoke, and, I believe, Sir Edward was equally

so, for he made no reply. The unsuspecting Thomas, however, proceeded to inform us that he had left the man in his error, for that he found it would be no easy matter to convince him of it, "especially," continued he, "as he insisted that several of the ladies had seen the marriage ring on Miss Herman's hand, which, they say, she took great pains to display, by leaning her cheek on her left hand all the time; one of them, he says, has laid a bet, that in a month's time she will be locked up in some old castle, among the Welch mountains. Dear heart," continued he, "how these great people talk!—just as foolishly as our rustics at a harvest home." Here Thomas paused, but I had not courage to raise my eyes from the ground till Sir Edward, to turn the discourse, made some inquiries concerning other matters: shortly after which the good old man withdrew.

LETTER XXVIII.

JULIA TO MRS. CLIFTON.

Devonshire Place.

Ah, my dear Mrs. Clifton, how unexpected a revolution has taken place in the circumstances of your poor Julia; hardly can I collect my thoughts sufficiently to relate it in a connected manner. Rejoice with me, my friend, you who so kindly participated in my griefs, for the heart of Halville is again my own. All my past sorrows are at once forgotten, or remembered but to enhance my present bliss.

Mrs. Anselm and my cousins were last night engaged to an assembly, whither they were to have been conducted by Mr. Halvile, who, however, not coming according to appointment, they, without

waiting for him, repaired to the assembly-room, escorted by my cousin Albert. The busy scene of preparation over, and the carriage wheels out of hearing, a stillness succeeded, which brought with it my usual train of bitter reflections and gloomy anticipations; yielding to the full indulgence of them, I was almost absorbed, when a knock at the door, which I knew to be Halville's, struck my ear. I imagined he would have left the house immediately on being informed that Mrs. Anselm and my cousins were gone, but, contrary to my expectations, he entered the front parlour, and, a minute after, that which I occupied. I felt a confusion the most painful, under the idea that Mr. Halville would read in my countenance the sorrow to which I had been yielding; but, attempting unconcern, I made some observation on his being beyond the hour of his appointment. He appeared himself not wholly free from embarrassment, and, after a few mo-

ments' silence—" I am designedly beyond it, Miss Wyart," said he. " Long have I desired a few moments of your attention, yet have hitherto sought them in vain." He paused, but, full of tumultuous emotion, I knew not what to reply, and remained silent.

" Will Miss Wyart," continued he, " listen to me? May I express the admiration that has long filled my heart, while silently contemplating the matchless sweetness with which she meets treatment the most unfeeling?"

" You speak ironically, Mr. Halville," cried I. " I have little reason to value myself on bearing misfortune as I ought to do."

" Ah! Julia," said he, impressively, " you are indeed unhappy." Then taking my hand, and holding it in his— " Could I but restore that heart to peace," cried he, " could but the attentions and the assiduities of a sincere affection win your confidence!"—Here he

paused, while the sudden effect a declaration so unexpected produced on my mind was almost more than I could sustain; but endeavouring, to the utmost of my power, to repress my joyful feelings—"I thought," said I, "you loved my cousin Judith."

"I thought so once myself," returned he; "I was then acquainted with her person only; now I know her mind:—ah! how unlike the mind of Julia!" Again he paused, then added—"O! dared I hope that in return for mine, Julia could give me her affections, with what joy would this heart participate in all her sorrows—how gladly would these arms protect her from dependence and unkindness!"

O! Mrs. Clifton, what words could describe the sensations of delight which glowed within my bosom, to find myself indeed beloved by Halville! I in vain strove to conceal them, nor could long withhold from him my utmost confi-

dence—the avowal of my love. Happy beyond expression, I now desired to be alone, and persuaded Mr. Halville to follow Mrs. Anselm and my cousins to the assembly. He was averse to going thither, but at length complied.

Hardly yet can I consider this sweet, this unexpected change as real; it appears like a flattering dream, from which I seem to fear being awakened.

At about four o'clock this morning Catherine (who had just returned from the assembly) entered my apartment, and, finding me awake, she expressed much surprise that Mr. Halville had not only been an hour beyond his appointment, but had also delayed another hour with me. Not expecting any inquiries would have been made, I hardly knew what to say, but at length asked her how she knew that Mr. Halville had staid an hour here.

"Letitia informed us," answered she; then commenting on his strange beha-

viour, she withdrew to her own apartment.

When we met at breakfast, I could perceive that Mrs. Anselm was displeased, and Judith offended, though neither of them mentioned Mr. Halville: he, however, called before breakfast was finished, when they behaved towards him with much reserve and coldness; at length, Mrs. Anselm said—"Late as you were, Mr. Halville, last night, Julia tells me that you sat above an hour with her."

My cheek glowed with confusion, and I could not help saying—"O no, Madam! it was Letitia told you."

"'Tis much the same, I should imagine," returned Mrs. Anselm, "I suppose the account was true."

Mr. Halville apologized, by saying that as he had passed his appointment, he conceived an hour later to be of little consequence. He soon after took leave, on doing which he put a letter into the

hands of Judith, but before she opened it I left the room. He has in this letter made known to her his altered intentions, professing to have discovered her aversion to his addresses and her attachment to another; nor has he made any secret of our mutual engagement.

Mrs. Anselm expresses great displeasure at the conduct of my cousin; for having long observed, with concern, her preference to Bagshot, she cannot but justify Halville's desertion of her, which she yet deeply regrets. In regard to Judith, on whom the virtues of Halville had made no impression, she will easily overcome this disappointment, if indeed it may be called one. Their deportment towards me has already undergone some change; perhaps now that Fortune smiles, they also may be kind. Ah! how little would their frowns affect me now! yet how do I rejoice at the delightful prospect of quitting this family!—O! Mrs. Clifton, how beyond expres-

sion grateful are the emotions of my heart!

I have a long account to give you respecting Miss Herman, but, wholly engrossed in my own felicity, I cannot now detach my thoughts sufficiently to enlarge on any other subject: I shall therefore reserve it for my next. I hasten now to impart to her my happy change of fortune, and to take leave of her, as she sets off for Wales to-morrow.

LETTER XXIX.

AMELIA TO MISS WYART.

Glamorganshire.

AGAIN am I an inhabitant of the dear cottage of Sir Edward; again do I survey from my window the extensive landscape, the lofty hills, and distant mountains. O! what a change has my mind undergone since last I saw them! Disgusted with the insincerity of the fashionable and the rich, how justly can my heart now estimate the calm and tranquil pleasures of this sweet retirement! and, believe me, dear Julia, that to reflect on your happy change of fortune is no inconsiderable increase to the felicity I enjoy. How flattering was my reception here! how affectionate was the

welcome of Sir Edward!—Mrs. Lochardan, Mrs. Melville, and her children, flew to embrace me—an orphan, friendless and poor! My eyes filled with tears, and my heart glowed with gratitude to Heaven and Sir Edward.

Mrs. Lochardan tells me that I have brought cheerfulness again to the cottage. "You really give Sir Edward spirits," unsuspiciously observed she, this morning; "he is sociable, and seems to enjoy life only when you are here."—O! Julia, how sweet a reflection to believe myself instrumental in giving pleasure to one so deservedly beloved!

IN CONTINUATION.

I this morning received your letter, containing the unexpected intelligence of Albert's marriage, and the agreeable news of your own: how similar, dear Julia, were our sorrows, and together

have our fortunes changed. I need not fill my letter with congratulations and good wishes, for I am assured you are too well convinced of my sincerity to require complimentary expressions of it. The news of Albert's marriage, and with Lady Estaphania, my fashionable friend, so sudden, so unexpected, I confess, surprised me much; but it did no more than surprise me: the worth and the affection of Sir Edward have spared my heart those pangs which, under other circumstances, this intelligence might have caused. Auspicious to me were the events, which, in disappointing my hopes of fortune, unmasked the views of Albert, and opened my eyes to the virtues of Sir Edward. When your letter came, we were at breakfast. "It is from Miss Wyart," cried I, instantly breaking the seal, and beginning to peruse it. The just reflections it contained, your commendations of Sir Edward, and my own thoughts on all that has occur-

red, united with the unexpected information concerning Albert, awakened in my bosom many different emotions, and my tears (which I could not restrain) dropped upon the paper.

"My good child," said Mrs. Lochardan, kindly taking my hand, "you have received no ill news, I hope."

"No, indeed," answered I. I glanced at Sir Edward, who was regarding me attentively. Embarrassed, I arose, but recollecting that the breakfast was not finished, again sat down.

"Nay, go, Amelia, if you wish it," cried Sir Edward, in a voice of kindness. I again arose, and retiring to my chamber, yielded to the sweet emotions of gratitude and love.

IN CONTINUATION.

How embarrassing sometimes are the artless observations of children! As we

were yesterday sitting, after dinner, Mrs. Melville's little Henry (who is a sweet, engaging child), playing on Sir Edward's knee, and Mrs. Lochardan and myself employed at work, the child addressed Sir Edward by asking him if eyes could speak.

"Eyes speak!" repeated Sir Edward; "I do not understand you, Henry."

"Eyes speak, indeed!" said Mrs. Lochardan, laughing; "no, my dear, it is the mouth that speaks."

"I thought they could not," returned the child.

"But what do you mean by eyes speaking, Henry?" inquired Sir Edward, "for they can indeed speak. When your eyes are full of tears, they speak sorrow; and when Mrs. Lochardan and Miss Herman give you cakes and jellies, do they not speak pleasure? Thus you see eyes can speak."

Little Henry smiled, and shook his head doubtfully. "No, no," said he,

"I am sure, Sir Edward, people's eyes cannot talk."

"You are right, my love," said Sir Edward, smiling, "eyes cannot literally speak, though in expression they can." He paused a few moments, then added—"But who, Harry, has been giving you this information which you appear so unable to comprehend? who told you that eyes could speak?"

"Miss Herman says that you have speaking eyes, Sir Edward," replied the child.

O! Julia, I felt as if I could gladly have sunk through the floor; the blood rushed into my face, as I looked the more intently at my work.

A silence ensued of considerable length, till, to complete my confusion, Henry ran towards me. "Did you not say Sir Edward had speaking eyes, Miss Herman?" said he. Inexpressibly vexed, I put him back with my hand, when immediately perceiving my displeasure, and

struck with a consciousness of having done wrong, " Miss Herman is angry with me," said he, and burst into tears.

" Sweet, affectionate child!" cried Mrs. Lochardan, taking his hand: " do not cry, my dear," continued she;— " Miss Herman is not angry with you."

" No, Henry," said I, in extreme confusion, " I am not indeed;" and drawing him towards me, I imprinted a kiss on his cheek.

" Ah!" said Sir Edward, " for such a seal of reconciliation, who would not offend?"

I sat in the utmost embarrassment till the kind efforts of Mrs. Lochardan, who perceived my confusion, in some degree relieved it by leading to indifferent subjects; but I have not been able since to meet the eyes of Sir Edward.

LETTER XXX.

AMELIA TO MRS. HALVILLE.

Glamorganshire.

I KNOW not, dear Julia, whether what I am going to relate will surprise, or whether it is already anticipated by you. This evening an occurrence took place, to me the most interesting of my life; but, without further preface, let me proceed to impart it to you. Mrs. Lochardan, Mrs. Melville, the children, and myself, were walking in an open field, a considerable distance from the cottage, when the sky grew black, and rain began to fall: we immediately turned homewards, and quickened our pace; the rain meanwhile increasing to a heavy

shower, and poor Mrs. Lochardan loudly bewailing our being caught in it.

"Who is that walking yonder, so slow, amidst the beating rain?" said Mrs. Melville.

We advanced nearer, and found it was Sir Edward: he, however, perceived us not till Mrs. Lochardan called to him; then, starting, he instantly bent his course towards us.

"How unfortunate you are," cried he, "in being caught in this heavy rain." Taking my hand, he drew my arm in his, and we hastened onwards so quickly that our party could not keep up with us. "Indeed you will be wet through," cried he: "let us make haste, and we shall reach yonder temporary awning, which the cricket players have erected, to screen themselves from the burning sun." It was at a good distance, but we soon gained it. Fatigued with our speed, I entered, and threw myself upon one of the seats it contained.

"You are quite out of breath, Miss Herman," said Sir Edward; "you should not have suffered me to go so fast."

As he spoke, he looked on me with so much anxiety that I felt embarrassed. "I wonder," cried I, rising, and looking out, "how poor Mrs. Lochardan will get home, for she is quite lame with the rheumatism."

"The thinness of your dress," said Sir Edward (without regarding my words), makes me fear you will get more injury here than if we had proceeded home."

He paused a few moments, then added, in a voice of much tenderness—"O could I but have defended you from the angry storm!"

"A shower of rain is nothing, Sir Edward," said I, looking from him as I spoke: "you have defended me from a far greater storm."

"I defend you from a greater storm, Amelia!"

"O! yes; the tempest of unkindness and contempt that descends on the head of friendless poverty."

"Ah! how unfit," said he, "is this delicate form to contend with the rude vicissitudes of fortune; but, Amelia, I designed not to draw forth so sweet an acknowledgment. O, Amelia," continued he, after a pause, and taking my hand, "how am I blessed that you reside with me." I met the expression of his eye; he looked on the point of declaring his affection for me, and confused I drew my hand from his. "The hail beats in," said I, and again returned to the seat. He followed, and, seating himself by my side, I perceived him half suppress a sigh. My eyes were fixed on the ground, and for some minutes we were silent; at length, "there is no saying how long we may be detained here," said I, "for I fear it has set in for a continued rain."

"And minutes are ages to you, Ame-

lia," cried Sir Edward, "when you are with me. Sweet unfortunate girl, bound by a too delicate sense of obligation, you shew attentions so flattering that they might encourage avowals your heart would be most averse to hear." He paused, as if for my reply: I hesitated in much emotion.

"How vainly do we endeavour to possess ourselves with the requisites to procure love," continued he, "when heaven has not invested us with them: gratitude, cold gratitude, is all we can inspire." He arose, and looking out, "the sky is clearing," said he, "it will soon be fair." Our eyes met, mine were full of tears, yet I attempted not to withdraw them.

"What is the matter, Amelia?" cried he, in a voice of the kindest concern, and encircling me with his arms, "have I occasioned pain to that heart, the happiness of which I would give my life to secure."

"O, Sir Edward," cried I, "my peace is wholly dependent on your esteem; my heart is all your own. He clasped me to his bosom, and for several minutes held me there in silence. At length he exclaimed—"Sweet compensation for years of anxious solicitude. O! Amelia, no words can speak my love.

A short time only had we spent in the fond expressions of mutual affection, ere the sun shone forth, and the birds began to sing, all uniting to render our sensations more delightful.

On our return home we found Mrs. Lochardan, Mrs. Melville, and the children, already there; they had proceeded onwards without taking shelter, and were now waiting tea for us. When Sir Edward had retired for the night—"What am I to think?" said Mrs. Lochardan; "surely somebody I could mention is more than half in love with Miss Amelia.

Mrs. Melville, to whom I had already imparted what had taken place, smiled:

" Why should you think so, Mrs. Lochardan?" said she.

" In truth," answered Mrs. Lochardan, looking inquisitively at us both, " I am almost serious in what I say."

" Ah! Mrs. Lochardan," said I, " would you not regret your suspicions being well founded?"

" Regret it! I should rejoice at it," cried she; " but is it possible? Tell me, Mrs. Melville, does not Miss Herman joke with me?"

Mrs. Melville then informed her that we were indeed engaged to each other, when, affectionately embracing me, " I wish you every happiness, my dear young lady," said she; " we have hitherto passed more cloudy days than bright ones in the cottage; but you, in giving cheerfulness to Sir Edward, will enliven us all."

Ah, Julia! how does my heart glow with delight. Fortune, how propitious to me was thy frown! to it I am in-

debted for the joy which now pervades my bosom—to it I am indebted for Sir Edward.

LETTER XXXI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

EVERY thing, my dear Julia, conspires to complete the measure of my happiness, and make amends for the painful emotions I so recently endured. A circumstance has occurred, which gives me inexpressible pleasure, not from any regard I have to riches for their own sake, but because, in carrying with me a fortune to the arms of Sir Edward, I put an end to all those malicious insinuations which scandal built upon my poverty; and prove to the unbelieving world, that it is sincere affection, and not interest, which binds me to him. My uncle has returned from India; and the whole story, which led to my rejection at Mr. An-

selm's, turns out to be a mere fabrication invented for the purpose of trying the real sentiments of all those whom my reported fortune might have attracted around me. My uncle has, of late, seen many viscissitudes in life, and is now the very reverse of the versatile character he once was. He highly approves of my approaching union with Sir Edward, and has already put an immense fortune into my own power, for the purpose, as he says, of evincing that my choice is independent of all such adventitious and paltry considerations. Farewell, my dear Julia, I shall write to you again in a few days, when I can no longer subscribe myself your

AMELIA HERMAN.

THE END.

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